

Gift of the Donations of
The Division
Regina Public Library

CANADIAN NORTH-WEST
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PUBLICATIONS

Chapters in the North-West History Prior
to 1890 : : Related by Old Timers



The Story of the Press

BATTLEFORD
SASKATCHEWAN

Vol. I, No. IV, Pt. I
1928

Canadian North-West Historical Society

OFFICERS

Hon. President Canon E. K. Matheson, D.D.
President F. G. Atkinson, K.C.
Vice-President R. Jefferson
Secretary and Editor C. Innes, M.A.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

C. H. Clouston	H. C. Adams
G. A. Sutherland	R. H. Speers
M. H. Meredith	R. C. Laurie
Chas. Parker	W. R. Ridington

THE AIMS OF THE SOCIETY

1. To collect and save the life sketches and historical stories of our pioneers, also the documents which throw light on the West's development prior to 1890.
2. The publication of historical works which contain the original stories of the Pioneer. All the stories relating to an historical event will be edited in one publication and will provide an up-to-date source history of the Prairie Provinces. The members will receive the publications of Volume I, of five or six publications, on payment of the subscription of \$5.00. A Special offer of Life Subscription of \$25.00 is being offered for a short time.
3. The Historical Archives at Battleford contain books, maps, pamphlets, relics, documents relating to North-West History, for use of the research student.
4. This Society will assist in the publication of historical works for individuals and other Societies, and it has secured the assistance of Western history men to assist in this research.
5. Historic spots are marked and historic interest in these is created. Public meetings are held to further this work.
6. This is the West's urgent problem. Save the Source History and Honor the Pioneer.

The Story of the Press

Written by pioneers intimate with the early history of the North-West.

PART I.—CONTENTS

The 'Nor'-Wester—1859	{ Geo. B. Winship
	{ Alexander H. Sutherland
	{ E. A. Blow
The Saskatchewan Herald—1878	R. C. Laurie
The Prince Albert Times—1882	{ Mrs. D. J. Rose
	{ W. H. Newlands
The Macleod Gazette—1882	Thos. Clarke
The Calgary Herald—1883	C. A. Hayden
The Regina Leader—1883	J. R. C. Honeyman
The Medicine Hat Times—1884	{ J. W. Morrow
	{ Lieut. Gov. Newlands
The Lethbridge News—1885	Edward Hagell
Reporting in—'85	Howard Angus Kennedy

PART II.—VOL. I.

In Immediate Preparation.

The Saskatchewan Herald	R. C. Laurie (Continued)
The Marquette Review	Porter
The Edmonton Bulletin	John Blue
The Moosomin Courier	
The Moose Jaw News	Thos. Miller
The Vidette	Ft. Qu'Appelle
The Progress	Qu'Appelle

IN PREPARATION—VOL. I.

Fifty years on the Saskatchewan.

The Canadian North-West Historical Society.
Battleford, Saskatchewan.

(Copyright applied for.)

In Memoriam

DONALD HOGARTH McDONALD

Donald Hogarth McDonald, son of Archibald McDonald, a Hudson's Bay Company factor.

Born January 11th, 1867, at Fort Pelly. Since 1868 resided at Fort Qu'Appelle.

Educated at St. John's College.

Trained for a career as banker and financier, and established the firm of D. H. McDonald and Co., at Fort Qu'Appelle.

A member of the First Council of Fort Qu'Appelle.

In 1896, 1898 and 1902, a member of the Territorial Assembly, 1921, a member of the Saskatchewan Legislature.

An organizer of the Saskatchewan Red Cross Society, President in 1922, and Representative to the Central Council for Canada.

A keen church worker for the Diocese of Qu'Appelle and of the Ecclesiastical province of Rupertsland.

An editor and life member of the Canadian North-West Historical Society.

A native son of Saskatchewan; legislator, financier, historian, and friend of Old Timers.

Died 1928.

VICTOR MATHEWS.

Victor Mathews, B.S.A., was born at Heart's Content, Newfoundland. After his graduation from McGill University, became, in 1913, assistant superintendent of the Experimental Farm at Lethbridge, and in 1924, superintendent at Scott. Served in the Great War with the Canadian Siege Battery in France.

Died 1928, at Scott.

Student, friend and citizen.

Member of the Society, 1926.

GAVIN GRAEME SMITH.

Gavin Graeme Smith was born in Hamilton Barracks, Scotland, Feb. 19th, 1875, and died at Battleford, Feb. 11th, 1928. He came to Battleford in 1886, and was educated here.

Clerk with Mahaffy & Clinksill, bookkeeper with Prince Bros., bookkeeper for Livingston & Atkinson, clerk in the Indian Department.

A leader in baseball, hockey, football, cricket, rifle shooting and curling.

Member of the Canadian Mounted Rifles in South Africa in 1899. Took the Battleford first quota to Valcartier. Raised to the rank of major for his services in France.

Member of Historical Society 1925.

Soldier, athlete, citizen.

SARAH LATIMER.

Sarah Latimer, born, 1842, April 11, at Kemptville, Ont., and married 1866 Wm. Latimer, who enlisted with the North-West Mounted Police, 1873, and came West with the originals. Mrs. Latimer joined her husband at Livingstone or Swan River Barracks, and next resided at Shoal Lake.

They arrived at Battleford, 1880, where she experienced the many trials of the pioneer life in that locality and proved herself a kind friend to all, and understood the history of the locality, experiencing the days of Battleford Besieged in '86. Mrs. Latimer lived to see her four generations.

One of the first members of the Historical Society.

Died April 7th, 1927.

AUSTIN McPHAIL BOTHWELL.

Austin McPhail Bothwell, M.A., was born, at Perth, Ontario, and graduated from Queen's University, and the Regina Normal. He was the first scholar from Saskatchewan. His teaching experience was gained in the Western rural schools, at Wesley College, and at the Regina Collegiate. Mr. Bothwell was appointed Inspector of Schools and then became instructor in English in the Regina Normal.

His love of public service is revealed in his connection with The Teacher's Alliance, the Canadian Club and the Canadian Author's Association. His literary activities are known through his editorship of the Saskatchewan Teacher, the English Master Poems, Saskatchewan. His Infinite Variety. He is a well known Western book reviewer and literary critic of the Historical Society.

Author, teacher, friend.

Died February 10th, 1928, at Regina.

BASIL LAFONDE.

One of Battleford's original settlers and member of the original Battleford Infantry Co., 1879.

Born some ninety years ago in the Red River Settlement, and served in the Hudson's Bay Company till 1876.

He homesteaded in the Prongue District.

Died December 30th, 1927.

E. J. WILKINS.

E. J. Wilkins, North Battleford, was a resident of long standing in this city, during which time he has given generously of his time, energy and ability to the welfare of the community and the development of the city. As school trustee, as city alderman, as member of the Agricultural Society, parks board and as a member of various non-civic bodies, he always played an active part, giving his contribution of good citizenship in a spirit of sincerity and earnestness.

The Honorary Patrons

The Government of the Province of Saskatchewan
The Canadian National Railways.

The Rural Municipality of Battle River,

Britannia,

Prairie,

Meota,

Mervin,

North Star,

Turtle River,

Mayfield,

Great Bend,

Park,

Buffalo.

The Endorsements from,

Saskatchewan Teachers' Alliance,

The Union of Rural Municipalities,

The Saskatchewan Trustees' Association,

The Saskatchewan Educational Association,

The Union of Urban Municipalities,

The United Farmers' of Saskatchewan.

IN AFFILIATION.

The State Historical Society, Wisconsin.

The Canadian Historical Review, Toronto.

The Washington Historical Quarterly, Seattle.

The Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul.

The Legislative Library of Nova Scotia.

The Art, Historical Association, Vancouver.

The Oregon Historical Society, Eugene.

The Manitoba Historical Society, Winnipeg.

The Museum of the American Indian, New York.

The Edmonton Old Timers, Edmonton.

The Regina Historical Society, Regina.

The Regina Women's Canadian Club, Regina.

LIFE MEMBERS.

R. H. Speers

Battleford

Paul Prince

Battleford

F. G. Atkinson

Battleford

Campbell Innes

Battleford

Ephraim Weber

Battleford

Collegiate Institute	Battleford
A. E. Cooke	Battleford
Canon E. K. Matheson	Battleford
William Dodds, M.L.A.	Cut Knife
W. Pegg	Denholm
J. E. McLarty	Denholm
Lorne Foster	Denholm
Rev. H. Delmas	Duck Lake
The Edmonton Bulletin	Edmonton
The Edmonton Journal	Edmonton
The Alberta College	Edmonton
R. G. Ferguson, M.D.	Fort Qu'Appelle
D. H. McDonald	Fort Qu'Appelle
D. M. Finlayson, M.L.A.	Iffley
W. Chisholm	Iffley
Department of History, Queen's University	Kingston
W. T. McMurdo	Lashburn
Governor Charles V. Sale	London, England
Ernest W. Early	Marshall
Metropole School District	North Battleford
Rev. Father Cozanet	North Battleford
Mrs. M. Wayland	North Battleford
Lars K. Sevic	North Battleford
J. W. McNeil	North Battleford
The Public Library	North Battleford
Arthur S. Saer	North Battleford
The Library of Parliament	Ottawa
Peter Paynter	Paynton
Bishop Lloyd	Prince Albert
Bishop Joseph H. Prud'homme	Prince Albert
S. J. Anson	Radisson
William J. Gold	Radisson
The Legislative Library	Regina
The Bureau of Publications	Regina
Archbishop Olivier E. Mathieu	Regina
Regina College	Regina
Norman R. McLeod	Regina
Emile Richard	Richard
Dr. L. L. Straith	Regina
Lt.-Col. J. McAara	Regina
The Public Library, Mr. Murray	Saskatoon
The Western Producer	Saskatoon
John L. McKinnon, B.A.	Saskatoon
C. R. Morse, L.L.B.	Saskatoon

LIFE MEMBERS

7

Father H. Hermes	St. Walburg
B. Imhoff	St. Walburg
Andrew D. MacLean,	
The Canadian Magazine	Toronto
C. A. Ayre	Turtleford
Wilbert E. Lake	Turtleford
A. Mackenzie	Turtleford

FELLOW MEMBERS

R. M. Evans	Battleford
Helen G. Ward	Battleford
Evelyn I. Duke	Battleford
C. B. Roden, Libr.,	
The Chicago Public Library	Chicago
Mrs. J. F. Price	Calgary
The Harvard College Library	Cambridge
Mary Hopkins	Denholm
The University Library	Edmonton
A. B. Watt	Edmonton
K. A. McLeod	Edmonton
Howard Douglas	Edmonton
John A. McDougall	Edmonton
A. C. Rutherford	Edmonton
Robert J. Robb	Edmonton
Judge A. Gravel	Gravelbourg
Bishop J. A. Newnham	Hamilton
Charles A. Chapman	Hamilton
Paul Pouzache	Highgate
Brooks Catton	Hanley
Charles Stewart	Iffley
The Tyrone, S.D.,	
W. H. Tweddell	Lashburn
L. C. Brouillette	Landis
Edward W. Pilbeam	Lawson
The Rugby School District	Lone Rock
J. H. Scott	Maple Creek
Hayter Reed	Montreal
Judge Pope	Melfort
Mount Hope, S.D., J. Hanell	North Battleford
The MacMillan, S.D.,	
W. H. George	} Prince
Mrs. D. Douglas Fraser	
Eagle Butte, S.D., Edgar E. Bee.	Nunebor
The Public Library	New York

The Carnegie Library	Ottawa
Duncan C. Scott, LL.D.	Ottawa
A. S. Doughty, LL.D.	Ottawa
Mrs. D. J. Rose	Prince Albert
The Normal School	Regina
Walter <u>McInnis</u>	Regina
Wm. I. Hunt	Regina
P. McAara	Regina
Rev. G. N. Dobie	Regina
Mrs. Betty Pennington	Regina
H. G. Miller	Regina
Premier James Gardiner	Regina
A. Allen Fisher	Regina
Mrs. Geo. Hollis	Shaunavon
R. M. Mount Hope	Semans
Geo. B. Winship	San Diego, California
R. W. R. Tucker	Toronto
A. M. Stephens	Vancouver
Sir Richard S. Lake	Victoria
Hon. Walter Scott	Victoria
The Provincial Library	Victoria
W. S. Lecky	Winnipeg
The University Library	Winnipeg
The Beaver	Winnipeg
E. A. Blow	Winnipeg
The Provincial Library	Winnipeg
H. R. Rowed	Waseca
Wartime Cons., S.D.	Wartime
J. C. Rowan	Yorkton
T. J. Davies	Yorkton

The Rural Municipality of Park, No. 375, Langham.

School	Secretary
Gideon, No. 682	M. J. Gagan, R.R. 3, Saskatoon
Radford Lodge, No. 2197	Arthur Alvis, Dunfermline, Sask.
Queensland, No. 1918	J. L. Dobie, Langham
Flowery Dale, No. 1751	W. J. Flanigan, Langham
Neuhoffnung, No. 957	G. G. Wheeler, Langham
Mierau, No. 1002	Clarence Anderson, Langham
Dunfermline, No. 2445	T. A. Rogers, Dunfermline
Grasby, No. 2285	A. E. McNabb, Asquith
Lynne, No. 912	Sam Carruthers, Langham
Polar Crescent, No. 3174	Geo. Rogers, Asquith.
Finlayson, No. 1883	E. E. McIntyre, Langham

FELLOW MEMBERS

9

Epp, No. 2526
Henrietta, No. 19

Jacob H. Peters, Langham
John G. Antifae, Langham.

Rural Municipality of Great Bend, No. 405 Borden.

Name	P. O. Address	Sec'y Treas.
A. H. Baxter, Esq.	Borden, Sask.	Thistledale S.D.
L. Crabb	Borden, Sask.	Halcyonia S.D.
J. H. Nicholl	Borden, Sask.	Saginaw S.D.
C. Elliot	Borden, Sask.	Turtle Lake S.D.
Mrs. S. I. Brigham	Radisson, Sask.	Lamoyle S.D.
Mr. J. D. Friesen	Great Deer, Sask.	Clear Spring S.D.
H. J. Rempel	Great Deer, Sask.	Hoffnungsfeld S.D.
D. R. Dyck	Borden, Sask.	King George S.D.
P. E. Belyk	Borden, Sask.	Concordia S.D.
John Ulsifer	Radisson, Sask.	Grand Valley S.D.
Earl E. Cotterali	Radisson, Sask.	Twin Lakes S.D.
Geo. Wright	Borden, Sask.	Wheat Heart S.D.
R. R. Girling	Radisson, Sask.	Waterbury S.D.
J. C. Wilcox	Radisson, Sask.	Scottville S.D.

Rural Municipality of Mayfield, Maymont

Name	Secretary	Address
Fielding S.D.	H. E. Brady	Fielding
Maymont	F. T. McCorkle	Maymont
Ruddell	W. J. White, Jr.	Ruddell
Denholm	A. H. Tyson	Denholm
Hopewill	R. Racine	Radisson
Beckwith	E. E. Garnett	Fielding
Calais	F. R. Collins,	Maymont
Neepawa	J. H. Fast	Fielding
Hillsboro	Wm. Fisher	Fielding
Keystone	A. C. Brehon	Maymont
Montro	A. Leng	Ruddell
Grey	Mrs. Ramsey	Maymont
Harringay	A. C. Morris	Denholm
Blenheim	A. Thompson	Denholm
Waterbury	R. R. Girling	Radisson

Rural Municipality of Turtle River, No. 469, Edam.

Name	Sec'y Treas.	Address
Poplar Dell S.D. No. 210	H. Dracas	Edam
Nadon S.D. No. 1664	A. L. Hamel	St. Hippolyte
Spenceville S.D. No. 1989	J. P. Jones	Langmeade

St. Hippolyte S.D. No. 2119	A. Guiffrey	St. Hippolyte
Valley Springs S.D. No. 1256	Mrs. H. Carlson	Edam
Horse Hill S.D. No. 2978	H.W.B. Macdonnell	Edam
Cole S.D. No. 3097	H. Halliday	Edam
Picnic Lake No. 3829	J. A. Halliday	Edam
Cordelia No. 4162	F. Foster	Mervin
Edam Public School	A. Plews	Edam
Edam Separate School	W. Lafferty	Edam
Vawn S.D. No. 656	J. D. Paulhus	Vawn

Rural Municipality of Buffalo, Wilkie, Sask.

Name	Secretary	Address
Carluke School	W. Hunter	Wilkie, Sask.
Cleaving	E. Greenwood	Adanac
Glenlogan	E. B. Gilbert	Wilkie
Maxwell	T. A. McBain	Wilkie
Phippen	Mrs. A. T. Olsen	Phippen
Narrow Lake	T. Newhouse	Wilkie
Thackeray	Ernest Evans	Wilkie
Nottawa	C. Oatway	Phippen
Swarthmore	C. F. Thompson	Phippen
Fairyland	E. G. Parker	Wilkie
Ovenstown	W. Gendall	Rockhaven
Weewona	N. H. Snider	Rockhaven

My First Flat-Boat Ride Down the Red River, and Incidents Connected Therewith

(By Geo. B. Winship.)

In the spring of 1867, I left my paternal home in St. Charles, Minnesota, with the expectation of crossing the plains to the Idaho gold fields, recently discovered, with an overland expedition being organized at Fort Abercrombie, Dakota, by Capt. P. B. Davy. I reported at Capt. Davy's camp on the first of June, but finding his equipment inadequate to make the trip, on account of the plains being infested by hostile Indians, I decided not to go. I had learned the trade of printer, but as there was no opportunity of employment in that line, I engaged as a teamster, and was occupied for a year in delivering freight to government military posts on the frontier.

In April, 1868, I met Dr. John Schultz, at Sauk Centre, Minn., and engaged to accompany him to Fort Garry and work as a printer in the Nor'-Wester office, of which he was the owner. I was instructed to report at Fort Abercrombie the following week, so as to accompany his party down the Red River on a flat boat.

At Fort Abercrombie

As near as I can remember, it was the 25th day of April, 1868, that I arrived at Fort Abercrombie, or rather, at McCauleyville, where I put up at the Harris House. I found a great change in conditions since I was first there in April, 1866, when in government service as a soldier. The country was being settled; homesteads were taken along the river, and the town of McCauleyville had been started. The wild and woolly appearance of '66 was passing, and the farmer and home-builder were in action. It was pleasant to observe these signs of progress, but they did not appeal to me in the least. I was after bigger things, and there was nothing so alluring as the Red River Settlement at Selkirk. That was my goal and not a thought was given to any other place.

I appeared at the Harris House in the presence of Dr. Schultz in my new store clothes, including the choking collar,

which had not ceased torturing me, and much to my humiliation he gave no sign of recognition. I had to chase him up and assure him that I was the printer he employed at Sauk Centre, before he knew who I was. My changed appearance from a hobo-looking teamster to a well-groomed disciple of the "art preservative" was what fooled him. He said he had been looking for the Sauk Centre printer, and wondered why he had not arrived.

The doctor had a force of men at work near by, constructing a flat-boat large enough to carry twenty-five tons of freight down the river, and rather than be idle I tendered my services for any work he desired me to do. He and his wife and niece were stopping at the hotel, but the boat men were in camp near the work, and the doctor suggested that I could do the cooking for the men if agreeable to me. I went to the camp and in short order was installed as cook. I knew how to make coffee, fry meat and boil potatoes, and that was the extent of my culinary accomplishments. In fact, no other requirements were necessary, for the same menu was served three times a day. By way of diversion, Mrs. Schultz and her niece, Miss Eliza McKenney, visited my camp-fire every day and undertook to instruct me what to do, but I soon discovered that they knew as little about camp cooking as I did about the rules of polite society. I served up the "chuck" in my own way, and as the gang ate voraciously, I knew they appreciated my culinary skill.

Dr. John Schultz

Dr. John Schultz, my employer, was in the morning of his eventful career at this period. While he was a skilful physician and an educated gentleman, he devoted but little time to the practice of his profession. He seemed to prefer a more active life along commercial and political lines. He had established a general merchandise business at Fort Garry, which was known as the White Store, was publisher of the *Nor'-Wester*, dealt in real estate and was considered a leader in the affairs of the Settlement. Of all the anti-Hudson Bay element he was the one most prominent, and he led the column which from time to time assaulted the political breastworks of that corporation. He was a free trader, and free traders in the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company in those days, were non persona grata to the company. His life from young manhood had been spent in that country, and he knew its strength and weakness, its needs and requirements, as no other man in the settlement knew them. He was able, but

not popular. He had a stern side in his make-up, which he could not disguise, and as he was quiet and studious, sometimes abrupt in manner, he did not attract men to him. When he won them it was by sheer force of intellect, rather than by the power of affection. In his prime, when I first knew him, he was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. His physique was perfect. He was fully six feet tall, weighed about two hundred pounds, and as erect as an Indian and as quick as a cat. His voice was low and well modulated, and



G. B. WINSHIP

scarcely ever revealed any emotion. He seemed to have perfect control of himself, and no man that I know of ever knew him to lose that control. Following the settlement of the Riel embroglio in 1870, Dr. Schultz took an active interest in the politics of the province and Dominion, and was for many years Senator in the Dominion Parliament. Subsequently, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor for Manitoba, and held the position until ill-health forced him to retire. He married Miss Farquahison during the winter of 1868, and the twain were returning from their wedding tour when I met them at Sauk Centre.

The Nor'-Wester Printing Office

On the 22nd of December, 1859, the initial number of the first newspaper printed in the Red River Settlement appeared under the name of the Nor-Wester. It was conducted by two Canadians, Messrs. Buckingham and Coldwell. After the lapse of a few months James Ross, a native of the Colony, and a very talented gentleman, became a member of the firm, and soon afterwards Mr. Buckingham retired. In 1864 Mr. Ross sold his interest and accepted a position as editorial writer on the Toronto Globe, under George Brown, who, together with Sir John A. MacDonald, were the stellar attractions in Canadian politics, during the waning days of the Confederation. A year or two later Mr. Coldwell disposed of the plant to Dr. Schultz, in whose possession it remained until the summer of 1869.

The Nor'-Wester office was located in a small room, not more than twelve feet square, in the White Store building, and it was the crudest and most primitive collection of printing material that I ever saw, or have seen since in my rambles about the country. Its material consisted of worn-out stuff discarded by printers in St. Paul and St. Anthony. The Washington hand press had a history worthy of preservation in the archives of the Manitoba Historical Society. It was said to have been the original hand press from which the St. Paul Pioneer was printed in 1849. In the early fifties the Pioneer office was partially destroyed by fire, and the press fell from the second story into the cellar. It was recovered, patched up by a blacksmith and sold subsequently, to the enterprising founder of the Nor'-Wester, together with a meagre assortment of type, galleys, rules, sticks and other things necessary for the publication of a weekly newspaper. When I looked upon this collection of old junk, noted the crippled condition of the press, the "pied" type on galleys and in the various cases, and the chaotic state generally of the entire office, I was somewhat disconcerted. I saw several weeks' clean-up ahead of me before the regular edition of the paper could go to press. I asked the Doctor for permission to clean out the Augean Stables, as it were, before attempting to do anything else, and he gave me carte blanche to go to it as soon as possible. The delay of the next issue was unimportant, as it was only issued twice a month at that time. The press had to be tinkered some, new ink rollers made, and all the type cases emptied and relaid. There was no imposing stone in the office, the forms being made up on the

bed of the press, locked up with all kinds of quoins, and by the plentiful use of "dutchmen," the whole collection inside the chases held together until the edition was run off. My predecessor took a short cut in making lye to wash the forms. In my apprenticeship days we used to leach it from ashes, and several gallons at a time were leached; but my predecessor would dump a shovelful of ashes on the forms, pour on hot water, scrub with a brush, and then rinse off with cold water. Of course, ashes were everywhere; in the cases, on the galleys, in the forms, and other places; and a stickful of type could not be lifted from one galley to another without danger of being "pied." We got the type and some other things in fairly good shape, but the old press could not be improved much, and it was the source of much annoyance during my entire term of service. The bed was warped and every press day much time was spent in levelling up and re-adjusting things before the edition could be run off. The lever, and especially the elbow, would drop down every few minutes, and re-adjustment would consume much time, the consequence being that a whole day was spent in printing about four hundred copies of the paper.

Early in June the office was in as good working order as it could be got, and the first number presented a much improved appearance. The make-up and impression were all that could be expected from the poor material in use. I was proud of it. Dr. Schultz was pleased, and the concern seemed to be imbued with new life and larger aspirations.

Regularly after this, the paper was issued once a week. A young fellow by name of Joe Cochrane, dropped in from Edmonton, about this time, and together we did all the mechanical work, including some job printing now and then, which was run off on the Washington press. The paper was circulated by special carriers hired by the doctor, a pony and cart being used in the summer, and dog sleds in the winter. In favorable weather the dogs would make the trip to Portage la Prairie and back the same day, about one hundred and twenty miles. The bulk of the circulation was in the settlements north of the town, and up the Assiniboine river to Portage la Prairie. Comparatively few of the papers went to the French settlements.

R. P. Meade was the editor of the Nor'-Wester. He was a good writer and a man of considerable culture, but lacked initiative and force; was devoid, in fact, of the newspaper instinct. Too much space was given to heavy editorials, dis-

cussing imperial and dominion politics, and too little to local and Northwestern news. Among the innovations of the time was the dating of the paper from Winnipeg instead of from Fort Garry; and I remember how Meade insisted on spelling Winnipeg, "Winnepeg," and how we printers were equally as insistent upon using an "i" in the second syllable, instead of "e." Of course, when the proof was returned for us for corrections, we made it, but as a general thing our version of the proper spelling of Winnipeg received popular endorsement. Mr. Meade held his position on the Nor'-Wester for about a year, and the last I knew of him he was living in Kildonan parish.

Sale of the Nor-Wester to Dr. Bown

During the month of July the Nor'-Wester plant and good-will were sold to Dr. Bown, one of Dr. Schultz's most intimate friends, and the office was moved to larger quarters in the McDermot building, popularly known as the Red River Hall. Three rooms were occupied, two for the mechanical department, and one for the editor. In a corner of one of the rooms I had a bunk made where I slept nights during my employment on the paper. I boarded at Brian Devlin's, only a short distance from the office. This change of quarters was helpful to the paper. It was generally believed that the Nor'-Wester was run as the personal organ of Dr. Schultz, and his interests only were promoted; so when the sale was announced, it was thought the policy of the paper would be broadened at least, to the extent of representing the general interests of the settlement. But the transfer to Dr. Bown brought no change in policy. The paper was substantially the same as when under the control of Dr. Schultz. There was a sort of Damon and Pythias relationship between these men which nobody was able to fathom, and the identity of interest between them remained intact for many years. Dr. Bown was the very antithesis of Dr. Schultz in every sense of the word. One was the embodiment of strength, vigor and intelligence; the other apparently was the personification of weakness and effeminacy; small in stature and flaccid in intellect, without initiative or high purpose—seemingly devoid of all the manly attributes with which normal men are endowed. Mr. Meade, the editor, drew his inspiration from the White Store just the same as though no change in proprietorship had taken place. I do not think the concern paid expenses, but as my salary was paid regularly I borrowed no trouble about the finances of the paper.

It was reported about town that Dr. Bown was the recipient of a large annuity from England, and that the expenses of the Nor'-Wester absorbed only a small fraction of it. For nearly a year there was no material change in the affairs of the paper. Everything ran smoothly, except the antiquated Washington hand press, and while the business of the office was of a negligible character, the employees had no complaints to make.

Col. J. Stoughton Dennis

Among the conspicuous figures in the early stages of the rebellion was Col. J. Stoughton Dennis, who went to the settlement early in the summer, bearing the appointment from Dominion authorities, of superintendent of surveys in the Red River district. The colonel was very officious from the time of his arrival until his expulsion by the Riel forces during the following winter. In the absence of legally constituted authority, the colonel thought it incumbent upon him to assume prerogatives not justified by his position as a surveyor, and the consequence was that he got in bad with both sides, as subsequently both Canadians and half-breeds repudiated him as an official mouthpiece of the government. After Lieutenant-Governor McDougal's arrival at Pembina, late in October, Dennis wrote the Governor, warning him not to attempt to cross the boundary line at that time. A few days later the Riel aggregation resolved upon dispatching a similar message of which Col. Dennis, fearing that his own might have miscarried, volunteered to become the bearer. In such character he met the Governor inside the frontier on the 1st of November, and on the following day both were forcibly expelled from British territory. At McDougal's request, Col. Dennis remained at Pembina until the 29th, carrying on, meanwhile, a secret correspondence with his friends at Winnipeg. Towards the end of the month, however, the Governor intimated that he would become de jure if not de facto, the Governor of the territory, on the 1st of December, by proclamation of the Queen. He determined to send Col. Dennis through the settlement in advance for the purpose of publicly announcing there his own authority when the day should come. This was to be done by another proclamation, with a copy of which the colonel was furnished beforehand, the Governor proposing to formally execute the original on the proper date, from some point within the British boundary line. I am not sure that any such execution was ever made, though there was no doubt but that Dennis acted on

the assumption that it would be made as agreed upon. Meanwhile, however, the Governor's herald had gone on, and in the settlement at early morning of the 1st of December, proclaimed the new Lieutenant-Governor, at the same time announcing and taking action under his own commission from the latter as "Conservator of the Peace."

P. G. Laurie, Printer

P. G. Laurie was a Windsor, Ontario, printer. He arrived in the settlement during the summer of 1869, and for a time was connected with the Snow surveying party. I became acquainted with him shortly after his arrival, and we got to be quite chummy. He knew where my sympathies were in the controversies of the time; hence when he was importuned by Col. Dennis to cause the colonel's proclamation to be printed in some way or another, he conspired with me to assist in bringing about the publication. We had several dark-lantern conferences as to method of procedure, and finally it was decided that I should play the part of villain in the serio-comic drama. He was a Canadian and "non persona grata" on that account. I was an American, neutral, and supposedly friendly. I could enter and leave the Nor'-Wester office without causing suspicion. I had been recently employed there, and, notwithstanding its use as a guard room by the Riel forces, it was natural that I should drift in occasionally to enjoy the atmosphere of my former scene of labor! My first call at the office was brief, but it enabled me to locate certain printing material I wanted. The next time I accomplished something. Two of the guards were friendly, I having met them at dances, and drank from the same canteen as it were. Under pretext of readjusting some of the cases and stands to give the guards more room, I was permitted to potter about in the office for some time, and when I got through, much of the printing material and furniture was compactly piled in one end of the room, and the guards had more space for their card table and impedimenta. But while doing all that, I was getting just what was wanted to print Dennis' proclamation. I selected from the biggest bold-face type in the office enough to form the word, "Proclamation," which, with an assortment of rules and leads, and a composing stick, I secreted on my person. I also filled a double galley full of long-primer type, which happened to be in an "unpied" condition, securely locked the galley with wooden quoins, and placed it in the room adjoining, which had previously served me as a bedroom. I did that because I saw the futility of

attempting to carry away the material without some way of hiding it from view. I withdrew with my first installment of printing material, such as I could carry in my pockets, and subsequently returned wearing a long overcoat, under which I secreted the galley of type, and walked out of the room without causing suspicion.

I have forgotten just where Mr. Laurie and I located our improvised printing shop, but it was in some back room on Main street, not far from the old Emmerling Hotel. It taxed our ingenuity to devise a plan to distribute the type without having "cases," but finally enough small paper boxes were procured to serve our purpose, and the work of "setting up" the proclamation began. We expected to have it ready for the "press" before the following morning, but running out of "sorts" compelled us to stop work until I could make another raid on the Nor'-Wester office, which I successfully accomplished during the forenoon of the next day. While the setting up of the proclamation was laborious, the printing of it subsequently was a painfully slow, tedious job. It was printed by the "planer process," and it took us all the afternoon and most of the night to print 300 copies. Early in the morning of December 1st, copies of the proclamation were distributed in Winnipeg, and others were sent to the lower settlement and to the settlements up the Assiniboine river. It caused a sensation throughout the colony, and from that date the activity of the opposition began and the campaign assumed a more warlike appearance.

The New Nation Newspaper

The first issue of the New Nation, the organ of the Riel government appeared Jan. 7th, 1870, with Major H. M. Robinson as editor. During the month of October, preceding, Wm. Coldwell, arrived from Ontario with a new printing outfit. He anticipated an early settlement of the grievances of the half-breeds, and purposed being on the ground early enough to get well established in business before the immigration movement, sure to follow, took place. He was an old-timer in the settlement, a good printer, and a capable stenographic reporter, and during his previous residence there had won a good reputation. On account of the unsettled condition of affairs, he refrained from starting his paper. O'Donaghue heard of the printing material being in town, and conceiving the idea that the government ought to have an official organ, he purchased the Coldwell plant, paying therefore good Hudson Bay Com-

pany money. Major Robinson was engaged as editor, and I as foreman and general printer. A young fellow, by the name of Walker, assisted me in the mechanical work, and "French Joe," a stalwart fellow from Quebec, did the press work, which, by the way, was done on a Washington hand press. The office was located in the Bannatyne Building, next to Onis Monchamp's saloon; and as Major Robinson soon became a member of Riel's kitchen cabinet, by virtue of his editorial position, the office became semi-headquarters for government officials when their onerous duties permitted them to relax for a short time. I saw a great deal of the whole outfit during the winter, and particularly of O'Donaghue, who appeared to be in charge, and frequently censored the major's editorials.

I have before me at this time a copy of the first issue of the New Nation, and to give readers an idea of its object I quote, verbatim, its leading editorial defining its policy.

"Our Policy"

"Something as to our policy will be expected from us in this number, and we proceed briefly to define our position. In common with a majority of this settlement we regard the Hudson Bay Company's government as obsolete, and never to be resuscitated. The Dominion Government, by its criminal blunders and gross injustice to this people have forever alienated them; and by their forfeiture of all right to our respect, will prevent us in future from either seeking or permitting its protection. The Imperial government we consider to be too far distant to intelligently administer our affairs. The question arises then, what form of government is best adapted for the development of this country. And we reply, unhesitatingly, that the United States Republic offers us today that system of government which would best promote order and progress in our midst, and open up rapidly a country of magnificent resources. But in our present dependent position we cannot obtain what we need in that direction, and hence we will hold it to be our duty to advocate independence for the people of Red River as a present cure for public ills. Our annexation to the States will follow in time, and bring with it the advantages this land so much requires."

Editor Robinson was not a practical newspaper man, nor was he a man of much force of character. He had a fair college education, and some experience in public affairs, but by nature he was meek and submissive, yielding obsequiously to another's will. The New Nation, therefore, did not take

high rank as a newspaper; it was simply the organ of the Riel government. During the time that I was connected with it its columns were principally devoted to the publication of reports of the Legislative Assembly, to Riel's effusive addresses and Napoleonic proclamations, and to the diatribes against the Dominion officials. It contained but little local news, and no effort was made to make it serve the interests of the people. Wm. Coldwell, who was secretary of the Legislative Assembly, because of his ability as a stenographer, furnished the paper with a verbatim report of the proceedings, and this feature was of some value to readers. My connections with the paper discontinued on the 1st of April, 1870.

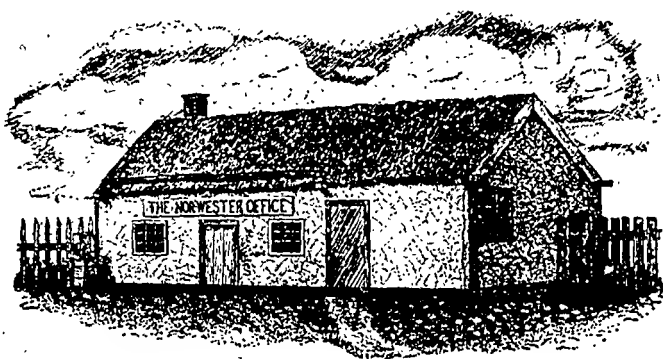
The Early Newspapers of Manitoba

(Alex. H. Sutherland.)

In the summer of 1859 the spirit of adventure ripened in the soul of young William Coldwell, as he turned his face westward to that land of magnificent distances, where roamed untrammelled over unending leagues of prairie, countless herds of brown buffalo and the Redman of the wilderness.

What Coldwell saw in vision was half a continent awaiting the fruition of his literary genius, for from the American boundary to the north pole and from the great lakes to the tides of the Pacific, Western Canada had never known the publication of a newspaper.

Coldwell, who had been a school teacher, of English parentage, soon interested another young Englishman, William Buckingham, in his enterprise, and the first day of November, 1859, witnessed the arrival, opposite Fort Garry, of their little printing outfit and a stock of books and stationery.



THE NOR'-WESTER OFFICE.

Near here, in a little thatch-covered log shanty at the foot of Rupert street, on the 28th day of December, the citizens of the little village scanned, with mingled feelings of pride and curiosity, the first issue of the Nor'-Wester, a paper destined for a tempestuous voyage on troubled seas until ten years later it perished under the blighting hand of Louis Riel.

It would be sacrilege to pass on without a minute examination of this real pioneer of the press, the grandparent of the present lordly 76-page de luxe edition of news gathered almost instantaneously from every corner of the world.

The two sheets (four pages), are 22x12 inches, printed in exceedingly fine type, and open with a prospectus headed: "The First Newspaper at Red River," proceeding as follows: "The undersigned have now commenced the publication of a newspaper in the Red River Settlement near Fort Garry, entitled the Nor'-Wester, and devoted to the varied and rapidly growing interests of that region."

The article continuing, describes the exploring activities of the British and Canadian governments and of private parties of "American citizens," to determine the practicability of rendering this the great overland route to the gold deposits of British Columbia."

We are inclined to chafe under the inference when we consider the vast extent of our gold producing wheat fields, beside which the mineral wealth even of the mighty Rockies sinks into insignificance.

The article proceeds in very suitable language to enlarge on the immense area of arable land, lakes, rivers, forests and mineral resources of Western Canada; and to point out that "the district has mail communication with Canada via Fort William, and regular communication with the Mississippi via steamboat and stage to St. Paul."

The advantage of having a press to mould public opinion and "to convey to more distant observers an accurate knowledge of the position and progress and prospect of affairs" is mentioned.

The editors are careful to stress the independence of their own position as follows: "The Nor'-Wester starts on an independent commercial basis. Indebted to no special interests for its origin and looking to none for its maintenance, it will rely wholly upon the honest and efficient exercise of its functions as the reflex of the wants and opinions, the rights and interests of the Red River Settlement."

The impartial attitude of the editors as outsiders is much enlarged on, and the fact that "Arrangements have been made that will secure reliable correspondence from Canada, St. Paul and elsewhere."

The names of the editors, William Buckingham and William Coldwell, are appended to the announcement.

This is followed by the official advertisement of the Red River post office. Rules and regulations.

Even these are of interest, as witness the following abstracts:—

Letters for Great Britain and Ireland, France, East Indies, etc., 24 cents per half ounce; payment optional.

Letters for the United States must be prepaid.

Letters for Oregon and California, 10 cents.

For any other points, 3 cents.

Letters for Canada and the Lower Provinces, 10 cents; payment optional.

Letters for Sweden and Norway, 46 cents.

The notice explains that the above charges are for United States postage, and that additional charges will be made for Red River postage at following rates: One penny on every letter coming in or going out, etc.

The first business advertisement is that of the Bank of the State of Minnesota, St. Paul, and is followed by that of Smith & Bailey, architects and engineers, Toronto.

There are eighteen advertisements on the front page, almost entirely from St. Paul merchants, and one "Apprentice Wanted" advertisement, requesting the services of a smart, intelligent youth for the printing office.

Included is a lengthy advertisement from the publishers, under the heading "The Red River Printing and Bookselling Establishment." A high-sounding name evidently carried considerable prestige in those days.

Then follows a detailed report of a meeting of the Council of Assiniboia, presided over by William MacTavish, Esquire, Governor of Assiniboia. There were present: The Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land; the Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of St. Boniface, and nine councillors.

The report submitted to the meeting by Dr. John Bunn, Chairman of Public Works, is most interesting.

Commencing with a statement that 40 pounds remained unexpended from the grant of the previous year, he stated that the grant for the current year was 500 pounds, that

several thousand yards of faggoting had been done on various roads, that the river passage had been widened to 40 feet in hopes that this would prevent the carrying away of the bridge by ice.

A road had been opened on the south side of the Assiniboine, five miles in length.

The Riviere la Siene bridge, which almost annually had been carried away by the spring freshets, had been raised and lengthened; and a quantity of stone had been constructed to prevent its rising with the water.

The superintendence of roads and bridges had been so great and varied a task, that the Council was unable to devise some better measures for the carrying on of the work.

A petition from James Mulligan, a pensioner, stated that his liquor license had been suddenly cancelled, and that he had on hand 200 gallons of spirits, the whole of which large stock remained unsold, to the injury of his large and helpless family. The petitioner "ventured to remind the Council of the mean and combined manner in which he had been led to infringe the late liquor laws," coupled with "a promise of greater care in the future and strict compliance with the requirements of the liquor act." Alas! the Council was not in sympathy with the freedom of the Irish that night and declined to take action in the matter.

The proceedings ended with consideration of a petition sponsored by the Right Reverend, etc., Bishop of St. Boniface, from the Red River Steam Mill Company, claiming that they had expended the large sum of 1,000 pounds on their mill, and had never received or expected to receive one farthing in return of all their great outlay, but on account of the delapidated condition of their boiler they were unable to continue operations. They pointed out that the various wind and water mills could not operate during the winter months to the great disadvantage of the settlement, etc., etc. "Therefore, they prayed that the sum of 100 pounds be set aside from the public funds to purchase a new boiler."

Their petition went the usual way of this unfortunate class of documents, although they had a run for their money, as it was only defeated by a vote of 6 to 5.

The writer was greatly interested in discovering an aftermath of this petition in the edition of March 14th, 1860, in the form of an open letter to the editor, signed Alexander Sutherland, evidently the writer's grandfather, in which he

took the Council to task for their failure to contribute the 100 pounds, claiming that this had subsequently been promised the company conditionally on their raising a like amount through public subscriptions, which he declared had been accomplished after great difficulty. Is it any wonder that canny Scottish finance and banking have held so commanding a leadership in the world?

The letter also pointed out certain irregularities in the accounting of public funds, and stated that the Council had used its position as a non-elective body in withholding the publishing of the public accounts.

The long list of miscellaneous items in the newspaper commences with the startling announcement that, "A tee-total rifle corps has been formed in Glasgow," and contains such delectable tid-bits as "The King of Siam has named his son George Washington."

We are told that "The servant girls in New York have struck for higher wages—they want \$10 a month," and that "A Singalese tailor has petitioned Sir Henry Ward for leave to marry again, as he had not seen his wife for twenty years." It is with mingled feelings of pity and relief that we find that his petition was granted.

Those were the days of open ballot and outspoken politicians as witness: "The Democratic candidate for the mayoralty of Buffalo, N.Y., is described as a gambler, shoulder-bitter, blackleg and loafer."

The editor naively explains, "The sketch is drawn by an enemy."

Here are two more of high educational value: "At Seville the whole of that enlightened community is looking eagerly forward to the coming grand spectacle of a fight between a lion and a bull," and "A Boston journal states that more than two-thirds of the suicides in the States last summer were due to delirium tremens." Page Mr. Volstead.

Voyagers on the Majestic would smile to be informed that "Placed in a line, even without their bowsprits, the Great Eastern and fourteen other newly built steamers would be a mile in length." Evidently the fervor of the early covenanting martyrs had abated somewhat of its fire, for we are told that, "Out of hundreds of persons brought under deep conversion during the recent religious revival at the Port of Glasgow, only some eight or ten cases were known who had had visions or trances."

The paper in its first editorial deals comprehensively with the unbiased aims and objects of the publishers, followed by one on "The apprehended loss of the Hudson's Bay Company vessel 'Kitty,' carrying the greater portion of a year's supplies for the settlement."

There is printed a lengthy letter from S. J. Dawson to Donald Gunn, concerning the "Lake Superior Route."

There are some twelve other editorials or announcements ranging from "The Weather," "Wolves," "Death Before Disgrace," relating the suicide of a young Chippewyan Indian in consequence of his having been taunted as a coward by his chief to a description of the Aurora Borealis.

A lengthy contribution by the Toronto correspondent commences in true Victorian style, "I know not if the events I am about to record will greatly interest the inhabitants of that region which some libelous persons say, lies beyond the bounds of civilization." The writer gives a synopsis of the proceedings of the large Reform Convention of some six hundred delegates, met to adopt some line of policy which would place Upper Canada in a better position than she is today."

After three days' deliberations, they decided that a severance of union was not desirable, that a federation of all the provinces was not possible, and that a sort of federal government was the only feasible solution.

The failures of the Colonial and International Banks are described as huge swindles. The possibility of Red River, owing to its geographical position, some day becoming the Washington of Canada, is commented on, but the gem of the collection is as follows: "Fellowes, the member for Russell, who manufactured 15,000 voters out of a Yankee dictionary in order to secure his return, and who swore tender-conscienced electors on a copy of Moore's Melodies, has been tried and found guilty of obtaining his seat by fraud and violence. He resigned his seat just as a puppy dog vacates the parlor when he sees symptoms of his being kicked out. He is at large on bail. I do not believe he will appear."

Those were the good old days of freelances in journalism.

There is a creditable poem on, "The Spirit of Frost," signed D. Holt, while one birth, six marriages and four deaths make up the column.

A lengthy report on "The Alleged Murder of Lyons," one on "The Wreck of the Royal Charter" and one on "Constitutional Changes Demanded for Canada," and a very detailed report on "Agriculture and Commerce," quoting seasonal prices on natural products in elaborate detail, completes the editorial page.

The fourth page has copious extracts from contemporary newspapers in Eastern Canada and detailed reports on the various legal actions in the Lower District and Quarterly Courts.

These, with additional world news complete the most interesting copy of a newspaper that it has been our privilege to examine.

The second edition of the Nor'-Wester appears Jan. 14th, 1860, and includes a supplement of two pages containing several thousands of lines of an address by Bishop David Anderson, to the clergy of his Diocese. It was assuredly not the fault of this thorough Scot if the foundations of his church were not laid deep and strong in the new land, in any event his exhortations and instructions would have provided a good portion of a winter's reading for the few overseers of his widely scattered charge.

The early editions contain exceedingly long articles and open letters, and it is really remarkable what a wealth of discussion is carried on and what a fund of information is furnished on the intensely interesting problems of the day.

Buckingham, not finding prospects encouraging, remained only about a year at Red River, and returned east as proprietor of the Stratford Beacon. On the formation of the McKenzie ministry he became secretary to the Premier. His share in the Nor'-Wester was purchased by James Ross, an exceedingly clever young colonial, who again in 1864 sold his interest to Coldwell.

Coldwell, however, stuck to his guns, although a disastrous fire on Feb. 3rd, 1865, totally destroyed the printing premises as well as the stationery warehouse adjoining. The loss was a severe blow to the energetic Coldwell, as fire insurance was a thing unknown in Winnipeg at that date, and he sold out to Dr. Schultz, and returned to Eastern Canada until 1869, when the lure of the west again attracted him to Winnipeg.

Here he found the country in the throes of the Riel rebellion. Schultz, who had conducted the Nor'-Wester through three years of storm without much effort to protect his ship from the severity of the tempests, had sold out in 1868, to W. R. Bown, a local dentist, of English extraction, if we might be permitted the use of a pun, and it was under his guidance that the vessel foundered on the rocks, although through no fault of his own.

On Bown's refusal to permit his columns to be used at the convenience of Riel, the latter seized the plant and imprisoned the editor. It was at this time that the historic issue of the combined Nor'-Wester and New Nation was published.

Bown had printed the first page of the Nor'-Wester when Riel made seizure. The second page of the edition, which is still on view in the Provincial Government Library in Winnipeg, is in blank, and the third page is headed, "The New Nation."

Coldwell, in the meantime, had made preparations to commence another publication to be known as the Red River Pioneer, but the first issue, billed for Dec. 1st, 1869, never saw the light of day, as Riel again intervened and placed a guard over the office.

Coldwell then sold his plant to M. H. Robinson, a young American, who continued the publication under the name of The New Nation.

While protected by the authority of Riel, the paper used every influence to induce the new colony to throw in its lot with the American Republic, but when the rebel horde had been dispersed, we find Coldwell again in possession in company with Robert Cunningham, a Scotchman, who had come to the Red River as a representative of the Globe.

They named their new venture the Manitoban, and appear to have conducted it along lines calculated to soothe the disturbed factions in the district.

The stormy element, however, still prevailed and succeeded in organizing opposition in the form of a small pamphlet named the News Letter, which was short lived, and was succeeded in 1871 by the Liberal.

Stewart Mulvey, who later became prominent in educational circles, was publisher.

The situation was now well defined, with each of the great political parties represented. Many efforts were made to carry on independent publications, such as the *Manitoba Trade Review* and the *Gazette and Trade Review*, founded by Alexander Begg, and *Le Metis*, of French origin, but the field was too limited, and they enjoyed but brief existences, until in November, 1872, the *Manitoba Free Press* appeared under the editorship of W. F. Luxton and gradually developed into the most influential newspaper in Western Canada.

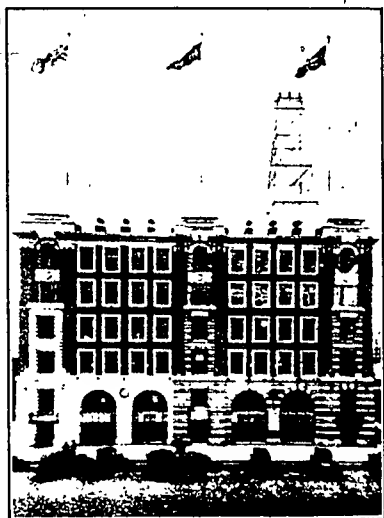
Although the names of the early papers changed so frequently, they were, as related, in most instances, really successors of one another, but under what widely varying spheres of control, evidence of the stirring nature of the times, fraught with tremendous influence on the destiny of the new land—Caldwell, Buckingham, Ross, Schultz, Bown, Riel, Robinson, Cunningham, all actors in a real living drama. Stirring days indeed, full of action and replete with conflict and historically important events. Happy days, too, in their recollection of a sturdy loyalty that could withstand alike the blandishments of a Robinson and the fiery assaults of a Riel.

Now that the dangers to which they were exposed are past and gone, there still remains a great deal of interest in the perusal of these mirrors of the conditions under which they were published. Especially is this true of the sidelines, such as simple advertisements or announcements which reflect directly and clearly the life of the community, as witness an advertisement of the first theatrical effort showing that the rudiments of play as well as the tools and necessities of life were of home manufacture: "Dec. 16th, 1870—First theatrical performance at Theatre Royal by Ontario Rifles Music and Dramatic Association, presents a new sensational burlesque in three acts, never before played on any stage, entitled the 'Long Lost Father.'" (Evidently a golf fiend); or note the following evidence of the limited field as late as July 22nd, 1872: "Owing to the people reading the *Free Press*, the circulating library, which has lived a precarious life, has been forced to close."

The forerunner of our extensive system of waterworks and fire protection appeared under an announcement of April 24, 1873: "Mr. George Rath has installed a new system of waterworks, mounted on four wheels, which contains eleven barrels of water and is provided with forty feet of hose, by which means water is conveyed into houses without the use

of pails. This travelling tank will be kept full each night in case of fire." Rather good of Mr. Rath.

The rapidity with which the scene has changed is forced on the attention when we read the first advertisement of Mr. W. F. Alloway, the wealthy philanthropist of the present day: May 8th, 1873, "W. F. Alloway, corner Portage avenue and Main street—snuffs, pouches, cigar holders, and cases, toothpicks, charcoal, pipes," or when we are advised of the arrival of the first jitney on May 9th, 1872: "Any person desiring a cab to go to any part of Winnipeg, can find one in front of the Davis Hotel."



PRESENT HOME OF THE
MANITOBA FREE PRESS.

The building sketches accompanying this article, furnish some evidence of the difficulties encountered by the pioneers of the press in this new land, and if we could compare the little hand-driven, Washington press, owned in pride by Coldwell, with the mammoth electrically driven double octuple, composition roller, web, perforating press, and linotype complication of machinery, housed in the palatial edifice of a Free Press or a Tribune, the contrast would be still more striking.

We cannot do otherwise than pay tribute to the men, who, with little prospect of commercial success, and in the face of violence and imprisonment, pursued their calling unflinchingly for the pure love of their art, and the knowledge that it was largely theirs to guide the halting steps of the young colony until it had grown into the vigorous and self-reliant giant of the twentieth century.

History of Manitoba Journalism (From 1859 to 1870)

From "*The Manitoba Free Press*"—1888

(By E. A. Blow.)

The Press Club dinner, held on Saturday evening at Clougher's restaurant, will always be a memorable event in the history of Northwest journalism. It was the first reunion of all the newspaper men of the present and the past. Very few of the old-timers who were in the city failed to put in an appearance; and the chief event of the evening was the recounting by them of events in the early history of Manitoba journalism. It gave a wide scope to the speakers, and they made the most of it. It was the opinion of all that they had never heard happier after dinner speeches.

The attendance was large. All of those at present engaged in journalism, with hardly an exception, were present; and the cozy room presented a well-filled appearance. Mr. W. F. Luxton, who has been continuously connected with Winnipeg journalism for sixteen years, occupied the chair; and seated with him around the head of the table were Hon. Lyman M. Jones, Hon. Henry J. Clark, W. G. Fonseca, G. G. Carruthers, J. P. Robertson, Alexander McQueen, Frank I. Clarke, Will J. White (Brandon Sun); and along the long tables running the room were Messrs. T. H. Preston, J. H. Hooper, Alex. Dunlop, Walter E. Payne, W. H. Mowat, W. H. Turner, Robert B. Harstone, F. C. Wade, E. Ohlin, John Tait, D. J. McCall, J. E. Lethbridge, J. W. McCracken, A. E. Partridge, John A. McCrossan (Rat Portage); J. Hall, John W. Dafoe, J. J. Symes, H. H. Brownlee, G. McAllister, A. E. Ferte, Stewart Mulvey, George H. Ham, E. A. Blow, W. R. Nursey, C. W. Handscomb, William Perkins, James Perkins, Henry Cameron, Duncan L. McIntyre, Frank G. Campbell, W. P. Sheldon and Fenwich Armstrong. The three last named gentlemen did not come in until after the performance at the Princess. They were members of Frank G. Campbell's theatrical stock company and intimate friends of the press men. Messrs. F. C. Wade and George Ham occupied the vice-chairs.

The Toasts

The toasts list was brief. "The Queen" was the only formal toast. In another circumstance the dinner was widely different from every other dinner that has been held for many years. The venerable old chestnut, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was tabooed. One unlucky wight tried to start it early in the evening, but he was suppressed by a storm of

groans. "The President of the United States" called forth an eloquent and entertaining speech from Consul Taylor; the only feeling was one of regret that he did not make it longer and give some of his own early experience in newspaper work. "Manitoba" was replied to by Hon. Mr. Jones in a happy speech, in which he dwelt mainly upon the favorable termination of the difficulty between the province and the Dominion. Owing to the duty of preserving the dignity of the House, it would not be proper for him to make public the exact terms of the settlement, and, besides that, he did not know them. He announced, however, as an indication of the government's intentions, that they had that day signed a contract for the completion of the bridges on the Red River road within six weeks. This announcement was received with tremendous applause. "Canada" found an eloquent spokesman in Mr. Fred C. Wade, who in his speech paid a high tribute to Consul Taylor for the important part he had taken in the opening up of the Canadian Northwest. As far back as 1859, he had visited the Red River Settlement, and in a published report, described the resources and prophesied the bright future of the Canadian Northwest, then generally regarded as of little value. A toast of "The Outside Press," proposed by Mr. Th. H. Preston, was responded to by Messrs. Wilte, of "Brandon Sun," and McCrossan, of the "Rat Portage News."

Winnipeg Newspapers

Then came the great event of the evening, the toast of "Winnipeg Newspapers." Every one knows that there is a very large journalistic graveyard here, but few have any conception of the number of dead journals planted in it. The record of Winnipeg newspapers from the start runs thus: 1859-1870, Nor'-West, published by Mr. Coldwell, Dr. Schultz and Dr. Bown; 1870, New Nation, by Major H. M. Robinson; 1870 News Letter, by Mr. P. G. Laurie; 1871, Manitoba Trade Review, Mr. Begg; 1872, Manitoba Gazette, Mr. G. J. Carruthers; 1872, Manitoba Free Press, Messrs. Kenny and Luxton; 1873, Nor'-West, Mr. E. L. Barber; 1874, The Standard, Molyneux, St. John; 1877, Manitoba Daily Herald, Mr. W. G. Fonseca; 1877, Manitoba Daily Herald, Messrs. Begg and Nursey; 1878, Manitoba Telegraph, Mr. Nursey; 1878, Quiz, secret editorship; 1878, The Gazette, Hon. Henry J. Clarke; 1879, Winnipeg Times, C. R. Tuttle; 1879, Tribune, George H. Ham; 1880, Daily Times, Amos Rowe; 1881, The News; 1882, Daily Sun, W. Naegle; 1883, The New Sun; 1885, Daily Manitoban; 1885, The News; 1886, The Manitoba Daily Sun; 1887, The Morning Sun. All these ex-

cepting the Free Press and two last mentioned, have passed into the happy land where sheriffs are unknown. Mr. Wade, in proposing the toast, briefly reviewed the record. Mr. Coldwell, the pioneer journalist of the Northwest, not being able to be present, the following interesting paper from his pen was read:

"Establishment of the First Paper"

"November 1st, 1859, the first newspaper outfit for Northwest British America arrived on the Assiniboine river at the crossing opposite Upper Fort Garry—The Nor'-Wester, with W. Buckingham and W. Coldwell as its proprietors. Up to that date no newspaper was printed anywhere throughout the vast region stretching from the north shore of Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, and from the U. S. boundary line as far north as any one of our craft would care to stretch. In one little corner of the territory, the Red River Settlement, there were 10,000 people and here we resolved (in Salvation Army phrase), to "open fire."

"The paper, and much of the plant, had been purchased in St. Paul, in order to save freight between Toronto (our starting point), and the capital of Minnesota, and on the 28th of September we made a start from the latter city, with ox teams—a very wild start, indeed, as one team ran away at the outset, and distributed some of the type in the streets. But by the time we reached our journey's end, there were no more attempts of running away.

"I shall not stop to note our snail-like progress by the Crow Wing trail, how we struggled through the swamps, worried around and across fallen trees and stumps, toiled up and raced down the sides of the Leaf Mountains, forded rivers with steep banks and boulder-strewn beds, or puzzled out our way via crooked sand bars over which we went zig-zagging with occasional excursions into the depths along side. Red Lake river—the widest, deepest, crookedest and swiftest in currents took some of us up to our necks, and very nearly took me out of this vale of tears altogether.

"One of the respected fellow-citizens, Capt. Donaldson, a famous traveller in those early days, witnessed the crossing of the caravan at that point; and he has a story he tells with infinite relish as to one of the forders, who was invisible all but a head and a "stove-pipe" hat! The captain, not expecting to see such a hat there and then and completely taken aback by the vision, laughed his heartiest, as he does this day when he recalls this scene. On an average we did not exceed between 15 and 20 miles a day in our march through the

wilderness to this promised land. Slow-going, sleepy travel it was, compared with the rapid transit now the order of the day. This fast age has already left the old landmarks far behind. The journey from St. Paul to this point, which took over a month when we first came, has, for several years back, been performed daily in less than 24 hours. On our way here, 29 years ago, we found the Northwestern Railway limits to be at Lacrosse, on the Mississippi river in Wisconsin. Beyond that town the traveller in this direction had a choice of staging or steamboating. Staging could be obtained to Fort Abercrombie, in Minnesota. Steamboating virtually ended at St. Paul, although some little business was done by steamboating beyond that city.

"The year 1859, witnessed a great change. The lucrative trade between the Red River Settlement and St. Paul had long been carried on, which made the residents of the apostolic city desirous of still further extending trade relations with this region. These desires took shape the previous year, when there was much discussion on the point. Hon. J. W. Taylor (the esteemed U. S. consul here), then a citizen of St. Paul, had taken a deep interest in the study of the immense resources of the Northwest, and had been frequently their able and eloquent exponent. He warmly advocated the scheme resolved on, that of opening up steam communication with Fort Garry by placing a steamboat on the Red River, which it was hoped would prove navigable from Fort Abercrombie, or thereabouts, to Fort Garry. Next year the Anson Northup dissipated all doubts as to the navigability of the river by steaming to Fort Garry. The experiment was a grand success. The first of the steamboats and the first of the newspapers came along here the same year, the steamboat men being ahead, and they continue somewhat ahead of us, I observe, for they have moved on Northwest, and were last year, if I do not mistake, plying on the far-off water of the Athabaska and the Mackenzie.

"We began publication on the 28th of December, and at the outset were greater monopolists than we had any wish to be. Having everything connected with the business to do, and no one to help us to do it, we had to become our own editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen, newsboys, and general delivery agents, besides having to undertake a house-to-house canvass throughout the entire settlement. Does any one suppose that we had not enough to do? We secured a liberal subscription for our fortnightly payment in advance. Of course the inevitable crank had to be encountered even in

this remote part of the world, and accordingly in our canvass we met persons who assured us that they did not want the Nor'-Wester, because they knew more local news than we did; while as to the foreign news, they could learn as much as they desired from other papers which they got hold of at long intervals. They were also afraid that if they supported one journal in their midst, soon there would be two, four or a score knocking at the door, with a wide diversity of views to the great bewilderment and detriment of an innocent and confiding public! Each of these cranks left us minus twelve shillings sterling, and yet we were incorrigible.

"The business thus commenced continued until the winter of 1864, when the office and its contents were burned. Up to that date I had as partners, for various periods, Mr. W. Buckingham, Mr. James Ross and Doctor (now Senator) Schultz, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. The last-named resolved to resuscitate the paper, and I determined to return to Toronto, but before doing so, I helped to get out the new issue. The Bishop of Rupert's Land allowed us to use one of the old buildings belonging to St. John's College as a printing office.

We Got Together a Little Type

and paper which had been brought out for mission purposes; and from Mr. Alonzo Barnard (a Minnesotan versed in printing, preaching and photography), we secured a hand press of the most ancient, ponderous and amazing build, possessing withal, warped and resisting qualities, perhaps we ought to say eccentricities, which ensure to the unfortunate pressman the hardest "pull" and the worst impression ever given by a hand-press in this or any other land, I suppose. "Under these auspices and with the assistance given by Mr. W. R. Ross and Mr. A. Sutherland, both of whom learned the printing business here. The Nor'-Wester was revived in reduced size. For the season I left it in the hands of Dr. Schultz, from whom it passed to Dr. W. Bown. Five years, subsequently returning with material for a new venture, I fell into the rebellion. Lieut.-Governor McDougall was fenced out at Scratching River. The journal that-might-have-been (The Pioneer), was fenced out to by an order from Riel, forbidding its appearance "Until peace was restored." The Pioneer never appeared except as a sort of half-breed arrangement—two pages of which (The Pioneer) favored the McDougall regime, while the remaining two pages (The New Nation), advocated rebellion, annexation, and the Riel regime.

"Now, stop a little. You must not run away with the notion that I was essaying an act of equestrianism, and riding two horses, not a bit of it. The position was this: An early disallowance act barred my way. I was not allowed to print anything. Instead of compositors, half-breed guards held possession of the office. Fiddles, pipes and pemmican were interspersed with pistols, guns and ammunition, and this mixture, further complicated with a new paper outfit in a very limited space, formed a combination sufficient to drive any printer to the very edge of insanity. The press was a fiddle rack, the cases dotted all over with pipes and tobacco. I made haste to get rid of that establishment, and joyfully found a purchaser in Major H. M. Robinson. He published the New Nation, and in the first number the two pages of The Pioneer, already in type, were used, hence the mixture. The career of the New Nation ended soon after Sir Garnet Wolseley marched in and Riel marched out.

"Mr. Thomas Spence edited the New Nation in its declining years, when the fires of rebellion and annexation had burned out. The Manitoban, a weekly journal, published by Messrs. Coldwell and Cunningham, next took up the running in 1870, and held on its course until 1872, when it was wrecked by a mob who (intending to be quite impartial, perhaps), wrecked the offices of the Nor'-Wester (owned Dr. Bown) and Le Metis (Mr. Joseph Royal's paper). The Manitoban and Metis came to life again, and the former running till 1874, when it was incorporated with the Standard with Mr. Molyneux St. John as editor-in-chief. The News Letter, an excellent paper, with Mr. P. G. Laurie, now of Battleford, as proprietor, was also published here from 1870, for, I do not remember, what period.

"In this sketch I did not intend going further than 1870, which would bring me to the verge of the new era, when we became a province and had volunteers, and a Fenian Raid of our own, and home guards; when the old Governor and Council of Assiniboia finally disappeared from the scene; when the new Lieutenant-Governor, "Our trusty and well beloved, the Hon. Adams George Archibald," and a Legislature with two chambers appeared; when we first indulged in the luxury of a public debt; when decimal currency replaced "Hudson's Bay blankets," (as the company's notes were termed); when lawyers and doctors in flocks, flew to our rescue, with the usual results; and when "emigration waves" began to flow and ebb—at all this I only took a peep. After me came the deluge of newspapers, and all things became new.

The Saskatchewan Herald

(By R. C. Laurie.)

It is just fifty years ago this month, June 1928, that P. G. Laurie pulled out of Winnipeg with the plant of a newspaper that he proposed to establish at Battleford, which was then the capital of the North-West Territories. At that time there was not a printing office between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, and possibly the Pacific Coast, as Vancouver had not yet been founded. The mail also came by trail from Winnipeg once in three weeks, and took about twenty days to reach Battleford, going on to Edmonton. This made printing and advertising by the North-West Government very inconvenient, and it was realized by Mr. Laurie that there was a good prospect for an office on the ground. He, in partnership with the late D. L. Clink, secured the necessary plant, and on June 1st, 1878, he set out on the long trail to Battleford, a trail 600 miles long, without a bridge or ferry along the route. Mr. Clink remained in Manitoba until 1880, but the partnership was dissolved shortly after his arrival, Mr. Laurie buying out his partner's interest.

After a trip of seventy-two days Battleford was reached on August 11th, and the plant set up in a storehouse belonging to A. Macdonald and Co., which was later used as their flour warehouse. In this building the first issue of the Saskatchewan Herald was published on August 25th, 1878. The town at that time was on the flat on the south side of the Battle River. In a very short time the office was moved to a small log building on the bank of the river near where the G.T.P. embankment crosses the flat. This building was bought from A. G. Prongua, and is said to have been originally built by Frank Osler. This spot, fortunately, was higher than the rest of the flat, so that while the flood of 1882 did a lot of damage to the stores and residences further back from the river, only the floor of the office was wet.

The new town on the plateau having been started, the old townsite was being abandoned in 1884, and what was left was destroyed by the Indians in the spring of 1885, but, fortunately, the Herald office had been moved in the fall to a building on the north bank of the Battle River that had been built by J. A. Gowanlock, representative of Mr. McCuaig, of Medicine Hat. Mr. Gowanlock had closed the store and re-

moved to Frog Lake in the fall of 1884 to build a mill for the Indian Department, and was one of those killed at the time of the Frog Lake Massacre. This building stood about a thousand yards from the barracks and within rifle shot of the Indians from the south side of the river. Consequently it was not always a safe place to work, but when there was an opportunity to send it out of the country the paper was issued, the matter being set in a diary form from time to time as opportunity afforded. About 1900 the office was moved to a building on 26th street, which had been built as Ronald Macdonald's carpenter shop and afterwards was being used as a school when the first public school building, now the Fire Hall, was erected in 1897. The Masonic Lodge was upstairs. It was in this building that meetings were held in the first federal election in the Territories. Mr. MacDowell, of Prince Albert, was the Conservative candidate, and Mr. Laird, of Prince Edward Island, the first Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, was the Liberal candidate. The speakers stood on the workbench and the audience stood on the "ground" floor.

A good illustration of the influence of the redcoat and of the mounted policeman as a peacemaker occurred during this election. Feelings ran very high, and the late editor received a confidential tip that arrangements had been made to raid the printing office. On reporting the matter to the barracks one corporal came down, turned on all lights and sat by the stove reading a newspaper. It is needless to say that no raid took place.

The business of printing a newspaper was never so profitable that a printer could be employed, and Mr. Laurie was his own compositor, reporter, pressman and bookbinder during the long term of twenty-five years. In 1903, after a serious illness, he secured the services, temporarily, of A. Finch, who arrived in April to be a homesteader, but a relapse occurred, and Mr. Laurie died on May 11th of erysipelas, complicated with pneumonia. The office was then carried on by the estate of P. G. Laurie, under the oversight of R. C. Laurie, the successive managers being Messrs. Finch, Osborn, Fredericks, French and Barbour, and finally, during the Great War, by William Laurie. On his return from overseas, R. C. Laurie, purchased the interests of the other heirs, and from January 1st, 1919, he has carried on the paper as a personal venture.

The Saskatchewan Herald was first a four column, four page paper, published fortnightly, set in six-point solid to give

the maximum of news with the minimum of paper, freight being eight cents a pound from Winnipeg, and a high rate from the east to Winnipeg as the railroad had not yet reached that city. It was later changed to a five column weekly of four pages, and then an eight page paper with ready print inside, printed in ten point. Shortly before the war the Herald came out as a seven column paper with plenty of advertising, but the collapse of the boom of 1912-1913 and the contraction of business due to the war caused a falling off in business,



P. G. LAURIE,
Saskatchewan Herald.

and the Herald reverted to being a five column paper with the type reduced to eight point as before, to give the maximum amount of reading matter. Complaints having been received that the ranchers and farmers found the type too small where they had to depend on coal oil lamps, large type is again in use. The present proprietor finds business, both job work and subscriptions, increasing very satisfactorily, and is hoping to soon be able to enlarge the paper again. The following sketch of the life of the late P. G. Laurie is collated from a biographical sketch which appeared in the columns of the

Saskatchewan Herald shortly after its late editor's death in 1903:—

The Saskatchewan Herald, May 20th, 1903

Patrick Gammie Laurie, the subject of this sketch, was the son of Rev. Wm. Laurie, M.A., and Mary Ann Gammie, and was born at Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, on April 7th, 1833. He came to Canada in 1842, with his father and one brother, John S. F. Laurie, who died many years ago in the United States, and in a letter to the writer a few months ago, he mentioned that it was just 60 years on the evening he was writing since he first set foot in Canada. He learned his trade in Cobourg, Ont., and afterwards worked in Brantford and Toronto, proceeding to Owen Sound in the early '50s, where he eventually acquired and published the Times. On December 4th, 1855, he married Mary Eliza, daughter of Richard Carney, for many years sheriff of Algoma, and father of Mr. W. H. Carney, the present sheriff.

In 1859 he was seized with the western fever, and disposed of his newspaper with the intention of proceeding to what was then known as the Red River Settlement, but after all preparations had been made for his trip west, he learned that Messrs. Buckingham and Coldwell, of Toronto, had already arrived in Winnipeg and begun the publication of the Nor'-Wester, which fact rendered his removal to the West unwise. He sought and found employment in Detroit, Michigan, where he worked at his trade for about two years.

The American Civil War having broken out, the era of prosperity in Canada, which will be remembered by those living at the time, resulted, and seeing a good opening, he established the Essex Record at Windsor, Ont., which publication he conducted until the summer of 1869, when he was again seized with a desire to move West. (The first copy of the Essex Record is at Battleford). The late Sir John (then Dr.) Schultz, who had in the meantime acquired the Nor'-Wester, had no difficulty in persuading Mr. Laurie to accompany him to the West, and on August 28th, 1869, he set out on the long journey, travelling from St. Cloud, 75 miles north of St. Paul, to Winnipeg with a "bull train." Arriving at Fort Garry he took charge of the newspaper until interrupted by the outbreak of the first Riel rebellion. He then went to Lower Fort Garry with the officials of the Canadian Government, who had preceded or accompanied Governor MacDougall to the new province for the purpose of establishing

the new order of things. Here, with a small plant belonging to the Church Missionary Society, he printed the proclamation for the authorities as well as their replies to the counter proclamations of the rebel leaders. After Governor McDougall had decided to return east, Mr. Laurie applied to Riel for and received a pass authorizing him to leave the country, the original document being still in existence and being not the least important of his mementoes of the early history of the West. Before, however, he had availed himself of the privilege granted him, he was approached by emissaries of the provisional government, and most attractive offers—financial and otherwise—made to induce him to take mechanical charge



THE SASKATCHEWAN HERALD.

of a printing establishment in the interests of the rebels. These propositions his loyalty, which was ever intense, caused him to reject peremptorily, with the result that his pass was revoked, and a proclamation issued offering a reward of 200 pounds sterling for his capture. This circumstance rendered his speedy departure from the country advisable, and in the depth of a Manitoba winter of more than average severity, with two companions, he made his way by a circuitous route to St. Paul, where he arrived after many vicissitudes, among others an interview with a party of men engaged in search for himself when he was within less than half a mile of the international boundary. He returned to Ontario where he

spent the winter with his family, and in the following August set out on his return to Manitoba with Dr. Schultz, who had secured a grant from the government for the purpose of defraying the expense of repatriating loyal refugees. After an arduous and exciting voyage by birch bark canoe by the old "Dawson route," the party reached Winnipeg on September 4th, 1870, and a few days later he purchased at auction what was left of the plant of the *Nor'-Wester*, and began the publication of the *Manitoba Newsletter*, being assisted by his son, William, then a lad, who had accompanied him. The following year the *Newsletter* was sold to a joint stock company (of which Major Mulvey was the leading spirit), who began the publication of the *Manitoba Liberal*, with Mr. Laurie in mechanical charge. Shortly after he entered the employ of Messrs. Cunningham and Coldwell, as foreman of *The Manitoban*, remaining with them until the death of Mr. Cunningham. The office was sold to the Standard Publishing Company, the new owners retaining his services. When the *Manitoba Free Press* first received the contract for the government printing he was placed in full charge of their book and job printing department, which position he held until May 1st, 1878, when he set out across the plains with the plant of the *Herald*, in ox carts, arriving at Battleford on August 11th, 1878, and two weeks later the first number of the paper appeared, being the only paper then published west of Winnipeg, and at that time the most northerly paper on the American continent. From that date to the present the history of his life has been the history of Battleford. Through prosperity and depression, through times of war and of peace, in summer's heat and winter's frost, he continued the publication of his paper, during most of the time filling simultaneously every position in the editorial, mechanical and business staffs, never for a moment faltering in his belief in the ultimate future of the district where he had located, looking forward each season to the fulfilment of the promises so often made of a "railway next year."

In 1885, during the times of the rebellion, he alternated between military duties at the garrison, and the publication as opportunities offered of issues of the paper.

So great was his confidence in the country, and so strong was his determination, that although frequently urged in Battleford's dark days, when the construction of the main line of the C.P.R. was developing new centres and openings for journalism, to strike "for fresh fields and pastures new,"

his invariable reply was that Battleford's future was his future; that he had come here to wait for the good times ahead, and that he was too old to change.

He leaves surviving him, his widow, two sons, William, practising law at Cardston, Alta.; and Richard C. (Major Laurie, of Strathcona's Horse); resident engineer for the N. W. Government at Red Deer, and four daughters, Mrs. John A. Reid, of Regina, Sask.; Mrs. P. V. Gauvreau, of Edmonton, Alta., and Mrs. J. H. Storer and Mrs. J. C. DeGear, of this place.

History of the Prince Albert Times

(Mrs. D. J. Rose.)

The history of the press in the City of Prince Albert dates back to 1882, when J. D. Maveety and Thomas Spink introduced the Prince Albert Times.

It was a two sheet weekly, the entire contents printed in Prince Albert on a hand press, the space was taken up with advertising and local news, the latter being picked up and contributed by H. E. Ross who is still a resident in the city. Editorials were also contributed by local men who were anxious to see the paper live. The printing office was a log house, still to be seen on River street east.

In 1883 Spink left, going to Vancouver, B.C., thus leaving Maveety sole proprietor, who transferred his printing office from River street to his home on Thirteenth street west, where he carried on for a number of years.

In 1886 the Prince Albert Critic sprang into being, Alex Stewart, now of Vancouver, wrote the paper with a stylograph pen, and by laying the original copy on a sort of jelly-like substance, was able to make several copies at one time, something similar to carbon. The new publication was Liberal in its politics, Prince Albert at that time having gained a Liberal representative at Ottawa, the party felt that their member must have the backing of a Liberal paper.

The contributors to The Critic included John Stewart, merchant; the late Hon. A. L. Sifton, at that time practising law in Prince Albert, and Lieut.-Governor Newlands. The outcome of this paper was a news sheet called the "Advocate," Liberal; and edited by Andrew Stewart, now dead for many years.

Meantime The Times (Conservative), had gotten into the hands of a Dr. Jardine, a Presbyterian minister, who had retired from the pulpit, and who ran the business in the rooms over the J. O. Davis store on River street, where eventually it was sold to Young and Laurie, sometime around 1906.

As for the "Advocate," it has been succeeded by the present publication, The Prince Albert Herald.

The Prince Albert Times

(By W. H. Newlands)

My recollection of the press of Prince Albert is that when I went up there in 1885 there was a paper called "The Prince Albert Times," brought out by J. D. Maveety. During the election in 1887, when we ran Hon. Laird, we had no paper, so we brought out a stylographic paper called "The Critic." Next we raised some money and got a plant and bought out "The Saskatchewan." We got a printer from the east, but he had not been with us long before his wife got ill and he left to go to Ontario. I remember telling him she could either be dead or better long before he could reach her, so that he was foolish to throw up his job until he heard further, as it took six days to get to Qu'Appelle where he would take the railway.

However, he wouldn't stay, but left. As it turned out, his wife recovered before he got to the railway, but he didn't come back. Little Alex Stewart (to distinguish him from Another Alex Stewart called Big Alex), and I brought out the paper, setting up the type ourselves, I writing the editorials and he attending to the locals. Afterwards Rev. Dr. Jardine took it over, but he didn't last very long, and I don't remember how it continued, but it afterwards became the Advocate.

That's about all I remember about it. We raised the money locally to get the plant, but none of us ever got anything out of it.

The Macleod Gazette

(By Mr. Thos. Clark, Foreman 1887 to 1899.)

A copy of the Fort Macleod Gazette, bearing date April 24th, 1883, has come to light. It is a 4-page paper, 4 columns to the page, length of columns $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The first issue of the Gazette appeared late in September, 1882. It was issued tri-monthly—subscription price, \$3 per annum. Messrs. E. T. Saunders and C. E. D. Wood, ex-mounted policemen, were the publishers, but strange to say their names as such do not appear in any of the earlier issues of the little sheet, which was printed a page at a time on a Gordon jobber propelled by foot. Seven of its sixteen columns are devoted to local and general news. Its advertising columns are interesting in that they contain announcements by firms doing business in the State of Montana, Fort Walsh, Calgary and elsewhere, Macleod being the distributing point for all goods brought in from Montana prior to the advent of the C.P.R. The Benton, Fort Macleod and Calgary Mail, Passenger and Express Line advertised a schedule of dates on which their 4-horse coaches would leave for various points north and south. Thirty-one cattle brands were published, and the Southwestern Stock Association, with headquarters in Macleod, offered sizable rewards for the apprehension of horse and cattle thieves, and all those maliciously setting out prairie fires. An editorial dealt with "A school at Macleod," the editor stating that "A large number of children are running wild with no opportunity of receiving even the first rudiment of an ordinary education . . ." "if Pincher Creek and Macleod, with the surrounding country, unite, a first-class school could be started." The suggestion was appropriate to the time: In 1884 the Gazette was enlarged to a 4-page six column paper, set in Brevies condensed type.

A Campbell drum cylinder press and other necessary material was brought to Benton by river steamer, thence by bull team to Macleod. Until an engine could be installed the power to turn the press was supplied by brawny Indian braves from a nearby reserve. It took a dozen natives to work off the week's edition. These Indian workers, their faces bedaubed with red and yellow paint, would enter the press room, peel down to their breech-clouts and seat themselves in a row against the log wall. When ready for a start No. 1 man would grasp the handle and set the machine in motion.

A few revolutions and he would drop out, being succeeded by another, the press being kept in motion until the edition was run off. At first the strain was severe, the workers doubling up and declaring they were going to die, but they stuck manfully to the task until they became hardened to the work. What the printers paid for this native labor is not known.

The Gazette stood third on the list of territorial newspapers at that time, The Edmonton Bulletin and the Battleford Herald taking precedence. It suspended publication in the early nineties, being succeeded by the Advance. The founders of the paper are no more. E. T. Saunders died in California a number of years ago at a ripe old age. C. E. D. Wood, his partner in the venture, (at the time of his death, a judge of the District Court for Saskatchewan), dying at Estevan, Sask., in March 1925.

Both gentlemen were highly respected and well and favorably known throughout the whole southern country, by reason of the good work carried out by them through the columns of the Gazette, in bringing about much-needed reforms in governmental and other matters in those early days, and their names will be long remembered by all old-timers

Romance of the Calgary Herald

Founded in a tent on the bank of Elbow river, in 1883, with Hon. Mackenzie Bowell voluntarily helping to get out its first edition of four little pages, it passed through many vicissitudes to develop into one of Canada's most successful newspaper institutions.

(By C. A. Hayden)

The material on which the following sketch of The Calgary Herald's career is based, was culled from The Fortieth Anniversary Edition of The Herald, published in 1883, and from The Herald's Year Books of the last few years. Hence this credit is given and thanks extended to Col. J. H. Woods for permission to make use of these records.—C. A. H.

T. B. Braden—1883	A. M. Armour—1883
Judge H. Y. Cayley—1884	G. E. Grogan—1884
John Innes—1885	Alexander Lucas—1887
F. C. Ewer—1887	Col. E. J. Chambers—1888
John O. Livingston—1889	Wesley Orr—1892
John A. Reid—1892	John J. Young—1894-1904
C. A. Magrath—1894	T. B. Braden—1894
Hon. J. S. Hall—1903	Col. G. C. Porter—1904
Col. J. H. Woods—1907-1928.	(Still managing director and
editor at time of compiling this list.)	

This is not the complete honor roll of those associated with the development and the vicissitudes of The Calgary Herald since those brave days in August, 1883, when T. B. Braden and A. M. Armour erected a flimsy tent on the bank of the Elbow river, and with meagre equipment, operated entirely by hand power, set about their courageous task of giving Calgary a newspaper.

The Calgary Herald's career is one of the romances of Canadian journalism. From the cramped tent of 1883, it produced its little 4-page weekly, each sheet of less than foolscap size; today it is housed in a ten-storey, marble, stone and terra cotta, steel fabric, fire-proof building, one of the hand-somest and best equipped newspaper structures in the world, topped with a modern broadcasting station.

One regrets that Braden and Armour did not live to see

their vision and their courage justified, for they passed through perilous experiences after driving their tent pegs, and their venture deserved more generous financial rewards than ever were their portion.

Braden came from Millbrook, Ontario, via Peterboro, where he learned his trade as printer. Armour came from Barrie, Ontario, Advance and also was a printer. How they came to be associated the place is not known. Only a part of the first edition of the Herald has been preserved, and it gives no record of the previous history of their partnership.



T. B. BRADEN.



JOHN J. YOUNG

They came to Calgary as partners, bringing with them sundry cases, one of which contained a hand press. This equipment was their fortune. They had spent practically all their money in acquiring it and in bringing it to Calgary. Their first job was to erect their tent and set type, and Braden started to collect news and advertisements.

The population was sparse away back in 1883, Sarcee Indians predominated, but the enterprise of these two youngsters from Ontario appealed to the imagination of the "whites," and they supported their first newspaper loyally. This loyalty could not be translated into dollars, for no one here had much money at that time. However, Armour and Braden got enough to eat and got out "The Calgary Weekly Herald, Mining and Ranch Advocate," as their paper was first named, with fair regularity until 1885, when it was acquired by H. Y. Cayley (now Judge Cayley of Vancouver).

The first issue of the Herald came off the press on August 31st, 1883. The Canadian Pacific railway tracks extended no

farther west than the east bank of the Elbow river. (Today the city proper lies west of the Elbow). The Herald's tent was pitched on the west side of the stream near I. G. Baker's store and near the North-West Mounted Police barracks. The white population was only about 200 souls. It was a typical frontier settlement and the end of steel. Almost everyone lived and carried on business in tents. Even the Anglican bishop had his home under canvas.

The Herald's first editorial is worth reading. Messrs. Braden and Armour announced that—

"The duty, then, and pleasure of The Herald will be, categorically, this;

The collection of all news items of local interest.

The encouragement and support of all legitimate and manufacturing enterprises.

The publication of all agricultural, mining and ranching particulars.

The encouragement of all measures, religious and moral, intended for the welfare of the community.

The exposure of all species of vice and immorality that come to our knowledge.

The exposure of any measure or acts on the part of individuals, corporations or governments, which appear to be framed against the true interests of the place, people or district.

Thoroughly independent in the matter of politics, always ready to give credit to one and all, irrespective of creed, color, race or politics whose efforts may be worthy of recognition, but under no circumstances neutral.

Having always the courage of its convictions, The Herald will not be afraid to speak out its mind freely when there are wrongs to be redressed, or manifest abuses to be reprimanded."

This is a red-blooded code of ethics. The Herald proposes to voice vigorous opinions. It will not tolerate evasion nor equivocation. And its files indicate that in very large measure it makes good on its promise. It "speaks out" even if the editor, as in the case of Judge Cayley, goes to jail for it.

It is not surprising that the bold journalistic stroke of Braden and Armour, on the remotest western fringe of the

prairie empire, attracted sympathetic attention. Statesmen, university savants and titled aristocrats were delighted to visit the ambitious journalists, struggling in their tent.

Hon. (afterwards Sir) Mackenzie Bowell, himself a graduate printer from the fonts of the Belleville, Ontario, Intelligencer, did not hesitate a moment in taking off his coat and setting type for The Herald, when Armour casually mentioned to him that they were embarrassed, by lack of set material to fill a form. The future prime minister of Canada was a "whirlwind type slinger," so Armour said later, and he helped till the issuing of that copy of The Herald was assured.



FIRST HOME OF THE CALGARY HERALD

This, in spite of the fact that he had taken to the tent his own party, which included Miss Bowell, Miss Hicky, Lieut.-Governor Aikins, of Manitoba, and members of the latter's family, and Mr. Johnson, commissioner of customs. Wesley Orr, later a principal in The Herald's ownership, was the master of ceremonies.

Not only did Hon. Mr. Bowell help set the type for this edition, but he waited till the first copy was off the press, and immediately put himself down as a permanent subscriber.

The Herald, about the same time, implemented its promise to work for the good of the community, by giving the use of its tent for a meeting to consider the proposal for the erection of a Protestant church. Rev. Mr. Turner, Methodist minister, presided, and it is recorded that W. H. Cushing,

afterwards minister of public works in the Alberta government and still active in Calgary's industrial and religious life; Mr. Hilliard, Dominion land agent; Charles Peterson and Mr. Orr, along with The Herald's staff, attended. It was decided that a church should be built, and an order for lumber, to be shipped from Brandon, was authorized, the cost being \$50 for 1,000 feet.

Other prominent visitors were (Sir) Sandford Fleming, first chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific railway; Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston; mayor and town council of Brandon, the Marquis de Bosano, the Baron Longueuil, Lord Castleton, Colonel Needham, commander of the Horse Guards, and Professor P. A. Simpson, of Glasgow, accompanied by forty other distinguished men of letters. Professor Simpson took away with him a copy of the first edition of The Herald for his university's archives.

News, other than that of the immediate district, was a scarce commodity in those early days. There was no regular mail service to the east, and communication with Montana was established only at rare intervals when the bull team of forty animals came up from Fort Benton. Naturally the editors made the most of local happenings, which were far more intimately reported than they would be today.

In the fall of 1883 a daily mail service to and from Winnipeg was established over the C.P.R., and the editors were not so seriously troubled over news matter.

In 1884 competition developed for The Herald, for "The Nor'-Wester" was established by George B. Elliott. In the strict code of ethics, to which The Herald consecrated its endeavors, no mention was made of charity towards competing journalists. In any event no such charity was ever practised, either by Elliott on the one side, nor by Braden and Armour on the other. In fact their language towards each other was little short of incendiary, not to say libellous. For example, read this skit from The Herald:

"Let us whisper a word in your ear, Mr. Nor'-Wester. We conduct our business on business principles. We pay our hands every Saturday night. We do not get credit from the stores and compel the proprietors to take their pay in printing. We do not make the boast that the government will see us through and that the people of Calgary can go to ——."

Snappy, isn't it? Yet one may question whether The

Herald's "hands" were paid every Saturday night and whether the pay envelope, now and again, did not contain "orders" on stores. Money was not the sole means of commercial exchange in Calgary in the '80's.

It might be supposed that these fiery western editorial enemies would shoot each other on sight after the publication of virulent, vitriolic tirades. Not so. History records that while they did not actually embrace each other in public, they



JUDGE H. S. CAYLEY.

were at least friendly to the point of congeniality. They had so many things in common, such as the raising of enough money to carry on, the "cussedness" of hand presses, and the curse, which applies to all engaged in "getting out" newspaper, that it would have been strange had they not foregathered, when opportunity offered, and exchanged diatribes and the social amenities of the time, and H. S. Cayley, (he was not a judge till many years had elapsed), took charge on December 3rd, 1884.

Here was an outstanding "Westerner," easily the most typical and dominating "Westerner" editor of his time. Even

today he does not quite know how he happened to come West. He explained, in an article in the Calgary Herald's Edition, issued in 1923, that he believes Sir John A. Macdonald's persistent proclaiming the fact that the West presented unbounded opportunities for the youth of Canada, influenced him, but he suggests, too, that even at that age—he was just out of his teens, he was tired of city life, and longed for the great open spaces. In any event he came to Calgary in 1883. First he visited the vanished "Silver City," just east of Banff, and put out his lawyer's shingle in that briefly busy metropolis. C. C. McCaul, K.C., now of Edmonton, then practising in Macleod, also influenced him strongly. Mr. McCaul was a college chum, who was doing well in the West, for Macleod was the thriving centre of a big ranching country. Augustus Nanton, W. G. Mulock, George F. Gault and J. D. Cameron, all mutual friends, had come West. "Mr. Cayley could not resist the lure, and he has been an ardent "Westerner" ever since. So much so, in fact, that when Sir John A. Macdonald met him in Toronto in 1890, with regard to certain claims which Mr. Cayley was advancing in behalf of the West, the distinguished chieftain observed with a twinkle in his eye—

"You want to wear pants too soon."

Judge Cayley's first Calgary job—the word was "job" then—was at a clerk's desk in the Dominion Land Office, over which Mr. Gordon had charge. In the course of a few months, he associated himself with The Herald. It was his privilege and pleasure to write the editorials. Braden collected the news and advertisements, and Armour set the type.

Here is Judge Cayley's description of The Herald office, when he took over the editorial obligations.

"Seated at a small desk in the one and only room of the establishment which was also the typesetting room, the press room, and the wash room—with exchange newspapers heaped about me, I surveyed the world from China to Peru. To be more precise, (as our exchanges were confined to the Edmonton Bulletin, the Macleod Gazette and the stock journals of Montana, Idaho and Wyoming), I surveyed the world as it appeared to me then. The main interest of that world was cattle and horse raising. The lords of the earth were ranch managers, and the heroes were the cowboys.

"We were told, and we had the will to believe, that Southern Alberta could not grow wheat; it must be forever the home of cattle and horses."

"The stock brands, advertised in The Macleod Gazette, fascinated the eyes of Armour, Braden and myself, such columns of them. We in Calgary were too far north. We could obtain a dozen stock ads. The happy editor of The Macleod Gazette could sit back in his chair and rake in wealth from his stock ads alone.

"I think we resented the illicit entry of settlers into the stock districts. They would fence in the springs and interfere with the range.



SECOND HOME OF THE CALGARY HERALD

"Outside the stock interests we considered deeply the mysterious ways of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa. The late A. M. Burgess, deputy minister of the Interior, never knew how largely he loomed, a portentous figure, in the eyes of the West. He had, of course, the eastern view that the east had bought the West, and that we pioneers, (we were not then represented in parliament), did not know what was good for us. Perhaps we did not.

I really forget now what we thought so oppressive, but I think that the extremely slow growth of our personal fortunes, irritated us. I look back on the fierce squabbles and incendiary talk of those days with the kindly eyes of sixty. I wonder now why we heathens raged so furiously together."

It is a matter of record that Judge Cayley did rage editorially about the rights of the West. So much so, that the East had to take cognizance of him and of the claims he put forth.

In 1885, Judge Cayley became sole owner of *The Herald*, and made the occasion of prime importance by converting the paper into a daily. This occurred during the days of the Riel Rebellion, when news from the front was of paramount interest, for no one knew whether the Sarcee and Blackfoot tribes, inhabiting the Calgary district, would go on the war path. Happily the late Father Lacombe, ("good father" as Judge Cayley describes him), was instrumental in averting this direful threat.

After the Rebellion, many matters developed in which Calgary and the West were vitally interested and involved, and in these Judge Cayley took a prominent part, with the result that he was elected to the Legislative Council of the North-West Territories, in which he served eight years, a real empire builder.

Previous to his election, he had embroiled himself in an altercation, conducted principally through the columns of *The Herald*, with Jeremiah Travis, stipendiary magistrate. John Innes (later a noted artist), drew pungent cartoons to add "punch" to the biting editorials directed against Magistrate Travis. The latter, so Judge Cayley explains, was an "Easterner." The editor was a "Westerner."

The climax came in the gladsome and Yuletide season, when the magistrate's patience became exhausted, and forthwith he issued an order for Cayley's arrest, and to jail the editor went. So the New Year of 1886 started with the editor in the mounted police barracks and G. E. Grogan in charge of the paper. However, representations were made to Ottawa and shortly afterwards the fine was remitted, the sentence cancelled and the editor released.

A torchlight procession celebrated the event, and, carried on the crest of this popular wave of public opinion, Mr. Cayley was elected to the Legislative Council, and in 1887 he sold *The Herald* to Lucas and Ewer, of Winnipeg.

Now to go back a little for a few sidelights on the virile journalism of the Calgary of forty odd years ago.

Mention has been made of *The Herald's* attitude to Mr.

Elliott's Nor'-Wester when it appeared as a competitor. Before Braden and Armour relinquished control to Judge Cayley, they flung a final dart at Editor Elliott. Thus:

"We shall wrap ourselves in the mantle of honorable stolidity; leave others to digest the obnoxious sentiments and disreputable remarks that may be made, and pursue our course for the benefit of our readers and the community at large. Adieu, Nor-Wester, adieu."



JAMES HOSSACK WOODS,
Calgary Daily Herald.

It might be inferred that they feel they will miss the tilts with Editor Elliott. Life had much to offer them when they were running a newspaper. Ennui was absent. Mr. Elliott saw to that. For example, when he accused a Herald reporter, (had he Braden in mind?) of attending a private party although uninvited, he provoked a resounding blast from The Herald, which declared:

"We are compelled to say that in purity of tone and freshness of information, The Nor'-Wester is not a mode to

be imitated. We have never seen equalled, among all our exchanges, good, bad or indifferent, the bombast, egotism and literary bravado characteristic of that paper. From the first appearance of that sheet, there have pervaded its columns the emanations of a newspaper pugilist—the Nor'-Wester is falling far below the ideal of a true newspaper.

Regarding the statements made in the columns of The Nor'-Wester of July 2, regarding the editors of The Herald, (this refers to the party episode), we unhesitatingly assert that they are wholly untrue. Abundant proofs can be given of the untruthfulness of these statements. Henceforth it is our intention to allow the wailing and whining of the Nor'-Wester to die upon the air. Such a paper will not lessen our circulation. (Is there a suggestion of fear here?) We have no time for scanning the dictionary for spiteful epithets. (Can it be that Editor Elliott sprung a few new ones on them)? A nobler mission and a grander ideal is ours than seeking to imitate the style or pander to the wants of the inferior intellectual that characterizes the effusions of the prejudiced mind that have lately appeared in the columns of our contemporary. (This may be somewhat mixed, but the main idea is apparent.) Adieu, Nor'-Wester, adieu."

This is strong fodder for newspaper readers, but it was not too strong for the palates of those times. In fact, it was quite the mode. If editors did not whack each other mercilessly, the public became suspicious that something queer was afoot.

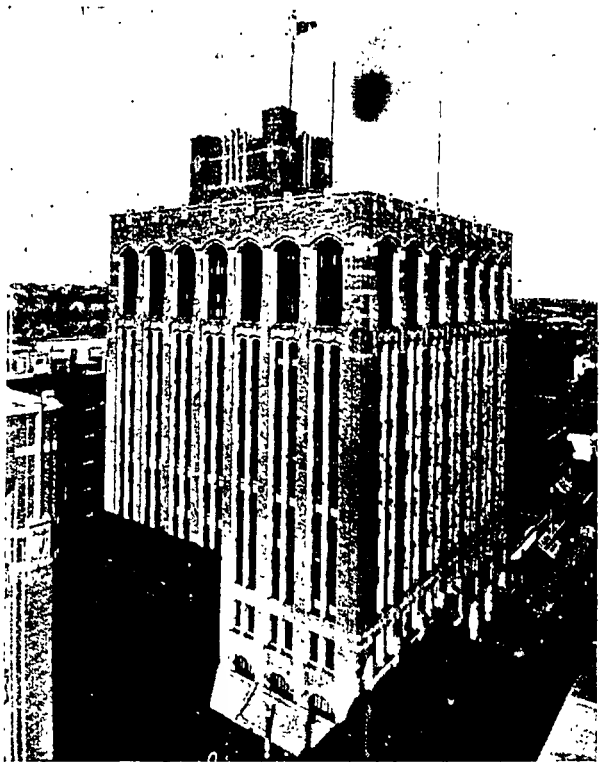
Unfortunately Editor Elliott's aspersions are not available for the files of The Nor'-Wester have disappeared, but even the one-sided editorials except presented, furnish ample evidence that he wielded a dynamic pen, and that in the realm of innuendo and in range of vocabulary, he was quite competent in "getting the goats," as modern phraseology hath it, of Braden and Armour.

Now passing on to the Cayley regime.

First of all he changed the name of the paper to "The Calgary Herald," and converted it, as noted previously, into a daily. Editor Cayley, announcing his policy, wrote:

"The politics of The Herald are the politics of its editor, which are Conservative. In its original prospectus of 1883, The Herald was declared to be an independent paper, and in all which that implies, we hope it shall remain so, for to

lose one's independence, either for man or paper, is always a grievous loss. However, with what special political persuasion has been attributed to this paper in the past, the present editor does not concern himself. In stating that as a Conservative, he edits a Conservative paper, he is satisfied that all that is to be said on the subject, is said, and that no additions need to be made to a profession of political faith."



PRESENT HOME OF THE CALGARY HERALD

Editor Cayley took up the torch, where Braden and Armour had flung it down, in respect of The Nor-Wester. Editor Elliott had the ability to get under a competitor's skin, it appears. Also the new editor of The Herald made up fresh combinations from his vocabulary for the benefit of Editor Elliott, whom he describes variously as "childish egotist," vampire and "lilliput from nowhere."

More than ever one regrets that Editor Elliott's language which provoked these outbursts, is lost to Western Canada's newspaper history.

It must have been epic in its directness and in its driving force.

A little later, without flamboyant enthusiasm, The Herald records "George B. Elliott, Calgary correspondent of The Winnipeg Times, leaves for the East presently, having accepted a position on The Toronto Mail."

Exit the lively editor of The Nor'-Wester.

This was the year of the North-West Rebellion, but in spite of its alarms and its unrest, The Herald made progress. It reports that it is moving from the modest shack, which followed the tent, to more commodious quarters "uptown," which means farther west from the Elbow river, and that it is getting a new press from Chicago, so that it may publish its daily edition expeditiously.

The fact that it had started daily publication that a rebellion was in progress, and that news simply had to be brought in, whether telegraph costs were high or not, moved Editor Cayley to write for the public's benefit thus:

In the matter of expense, it is necessary to speak feelingly. (How undeniably true sixty years later?) The telegraphic dispatches, extra labor, the necessity at times of refusing job work in order that there may be no failure in the appearance of the daily, and little extras, (how history repeats itself), that no one would expect and few account for, explain the smiling (this is certainly putting a good face on the situation) necessity we are under of considering our subscribers as committing a mild breach of confidence when they do not pay us up on the first of each month. Our own outlay for a daily, has in the nature of things, to be cash and a kindly remembrance of things on the part of our subscribers is cordially invited."

This puts it neatly and not so blatantly as did a Strathcona, Alberta, editress who caused something of a furore, years later, when she published a full list of delinquent subscribers, along with the periods of delinquency.

However, Cayley carried on bravely, and most of his troubles ended after he had been elected to the Legislative Council following his war with Magistrate Travis.

Subsequently other papers were started. Major Hatton founded The Alberta Livestock Journal in 1886, and in the same year, Braden returned to his first love journalism, and started The Tribune.

He opened hostilities with The Herald and even went so far that he was hauled before Inspector Moodie, at the Mounted Police barracks, to answer to a charge of libelling Cayley. It assuredly must have been "hot stuff," for editors were not wont to resort to the courts for satisfaction in that era of hot-blooded speech.

However, peace was declared when Braden published an adequate retraction.

Meanwhile G. E. Grogan, who served as editor when Cayley was incarcerated pending settlement of his clash with Travis, joined E. Troop, presumably for service with the North-West Mounted Police, and A. Lucas took over the management of the business end of The Herald.

Then in 1887, Lucas and Ewer, formerly of Winnipeg, took over ownership and operation of The Herald.

They stated quite frankly in the first issue under their direction that;

"Primarily The Herald will be run as a business concern and not as a charitable institution. (A sharp break from the free and easy methods of the early West is thus indicated). Politically we are Conservative, but when we see these principles violated we will not hesitate to denounce it."

The announcement is made in this 1887 issue, that Archbishop Pinkham has been appointed Bishop of Saskatchewan. Later Right Reverend Cyprian Pinkham became the first Bishop of Calgary, retiring in 1927 because of the encroachment of years.

Ewer was the editor of The Herald, and he immediately crossed verbal swords with Editor Braden of The Tribune. He described The Tribune as a "venal sheet," and its policy as changeable as the movements of a bucking broncho. It was also a "shameless libeller." Here, too, unfortunately, the provocative language is missing through the disappearance of The Tribune's files.

These fireworks were brought about by the first campaign for the election of a representative from the Calgary district to the House of Commons. Political feeling ran high. D. W. Davis, Conservative nominee, won from Richard

Hardistry, Independent, and Dr. J. D. Lafferty, Liberal. Alex. Lucas, of The Herald, was president of the Conservative Association, and he saw to it that the fight conducted by his paper was far from insipid.

F. C. Ewer retired in 1888 because of ill-health, and went to California, but Lucas stayed on.

In the same year another change took place, and the following announcement appeared:

"The business of The Herald Printing and Publishing Company has been taken over by The Herald Publishing Company, Limited.—Further contracts must be made with the undersigned, to whom all accounts must be made payable.

"Ernest J. Chambers,
"Managing Director."

The next year Col. Chambers returned to Ottawa, where he pursued an increasingly active and useful career. He became Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, in the House of Commons, and was chief censor during the Great War. His death, not long since, was deeply regretted by his legion of friends.

John Livingstone became editor of The Herald late in 1889. He announced that there would not be any change in the general policy of the paper, but that more determined efforts would be made to effect betterment in the system of immigration and the developments of the great coal deposits of the West, a matter which is still being warmly pressed in Alberta.

In 1892 Mr. Livingstone's name disappeared from the top of the editorial column. In the next two years, Westly F. Orr, one of Calgary's early mayors; G. E. Grogan and John A. Reid, directed the fortunes of The Herald. Then in 1894 John J. Young and Charles A. Magrath took over the paper, and T. A. Braden returned as advertising manager. In 1895, he was no doubt responsible for this item:

"The Herald feels a pardonable pride in Canada's new premier, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, owing to the fact that he took a hand in getting out the first edition, more than eleven years ago. The future premier came into our 'sanctum,' and, seeing the pickle we were in, rolled up his sleeves and came gallantly to our rescue, doing invaluable service in getting up our Washington Press, on which The Herald was being

printed in those pioneer days, as well as sticking some of the type for the first issue."

C. A. Magrath severed his connection with The Herald in February, 1895, Mr. Young acquiring his interest, and in May he started publishing The Edmonton Herald, of which William Short was editor.

In the same year The Tribune passed peacefully away.

The Herald made substantial progress under Mr. Young's management. He erected a building to house it at the corner of Centre street and Seventh avenue. There Col. G. C. Porter, now of Winnipeg, came as editor in 1904, succeeding Hon. J. S. Hall, who had occupied the editorial chair for a year and a half.

In the same year The Herald publishes the announcement of the death of T. B. Braden, one of its founders. "A better natured soul never lived," was one of The Herald's tributes.

Col. J. H. Woods came from Toronto and became associated with Mr. Young, taking full charge of the business. Later Mr. Woods secured an option on the business. Capital was interested and a new company was formed which acquired the property which has since grown tremendously under Col. Wood's direction.

A singular tribute paid to this outstanding newspaperman, was his repeated election to the presidency of Canadian Press, Limited, that wonderful, non-profit making organization of newspapers which is responsible for the complete news service which Canadian newspaper readers enjoy.

So from its modest birth in a little tent, with Sarcee Indians interested witnesses, The Calgary Herald has been evolved through the processes of time and the efforts of men, into one of the great newspaper institutions of the Dominion of Canada.

The Regina Leader

(By J. R. C. Honeyman.)

The early history of this paper, like that of a number of others of the same epoch, synchronizes with that of the community which it was intended to serve. The Leader, then a weekly publication, made its first appearance on March 1st, 1883, and its development has been steady and continuous from that day to the present, when it is generally accepted as being the leading newspaper of Saskatchewan.

The story of its existence from its first publication to 1896, when it was purchased by Mr. Walter Scott, a former compositor on its staff, who afterwards became premier of Saskatchewan, is intimately connected with that of its founder, the late Nicholas Flood Davin, a brilliant, cultured and witty Irishman, who at the age of forty, with impulsive generosity, devoted his means and abilities to furthering the interests of the little bare-looking prairie town which he had chosen for the sphere of his activities. His Celtic prescience envisioned the day when, as expressed in one of his poems, he could see,

"A pleasant city on a boundless plain,
Around, rich land, where peace and plenty reign.
A teeming mart, wide streets, broad squares, bright flowers."

Mr. Davin was born at Kilfanane, a village in the county of Limerick, where his father's regiment was stationed in 1843; the year of O'Connell and the "Young Irelanders." He received a first-class classical education and graduated from Queen's College, Cork, after which he studied law and was called to the bar of the Middle Temple in 1868. To one of his temperament the practice of his profession did not afford sufficient scope for his energies, and having studied shorthand, he commenced work as a member of the Press Gallery in the British House of Commons. During the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, Davin was war correspondent for the Irish Times, was slightly wounded during the siege of Montmédy, and made a spectacular exit from Paris in a balloon during the Communist troubles.

Shortly afterwards, Davin met with an accident which injured his health, and came to Canada in the hope of re-establishing it. The country appealed to the imagination of a spirit eager for adventure. He became interested in its

politics and its potentialities, and decided to remain. He became a special writer to the Globe on European, literary and social matters, subsequently transferring his services to the Mail, and his political allegiance to the party of Sir John Macdonald. In the meantime the practice of law had not been allowed to fall altogether into desuetude, for we find that in 1874 he had been admitted to the Ontario Bar, had become associated with a prominent Toronto firm, and in 1889 was employed to defend Bennett who assassinated the Hon. George Brown.



NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN,
Founder of The Regina Leader.

By this time Davin had a very complete grasp of public affairs in Canada, and took an active part in the election of 1878, when Sir John Macdonald went to the country on The National Policy. He himself contested Haldimand, but was unsuccessful. During all this time his literary activities had been considerable. Newspaper articles, contributions, to magazines and reviews had poured from his pen, while numerous pamphlets, speeches, verses, exhibited the breadth of his mind and the versatility of his taste.

His vigorous and effective support of the Conservative

cause was not allowed to go unrewarded for, subsequent to the election of 1898, he was entrusted with a number of important public duties. In 1879 he was sent to Washington to investigate and report on the management of Indian Industrial Schools, and in 1880 he was appointed secretary to a commission "to make inquiry into and concerning all facts connected with the conduct and prosecution of the Canadian Pacific Railway from its inception to the present time."

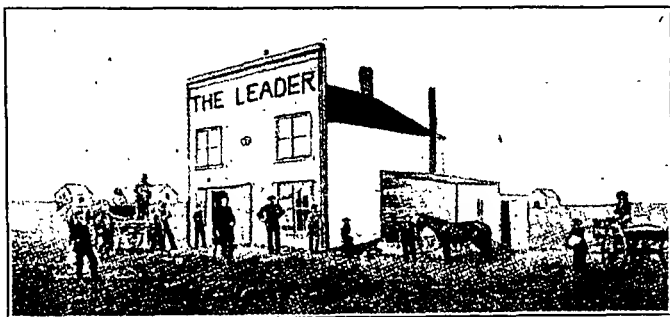
It was in the course of his travels with this commission that Davin became infected with the spirit of the prairies, and Powers (History of Regina), tells us that in the fall of 1882. Davin, in company with W. B. Scarth, M.P., and the Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, met the leading Reginites at dinner. Some one suggested in a playful manner that Davin start a newspaper in Regina. Soon afterwards he was observed taking a solitary ramble over the adjoining prairie, which became a regular custom of his when about to undertake any important task which required thoughtful consideration. The result of his meditations, in this instance was a decision to throw in his lot with the other pioneers of Western Canada. He returned East to make the necessary arrangements, after having received many assurances of support from the principal citizens.

From what has already been said, it will be readily admitted that few of our Western journalists have been better equipped than Mr. Davin to undertake the founding of a newspaper in a newly opened country. Its first issue marked an epoch in Western journalism, being in every respect a credit to its founder in newspaper craftsmanship, and set a high standard, which it may be said has ever since been consistently maintained.

The Regina Leader, from its inception until 1895, was issued from the small frame building shown in the accompanying illustration, which was situated on the north side of Victoria avenue, at the corner of Rose street, nearly opposite the place where the Assiniboia Club now stands. Though humble in appearance, no expense had been spared in providing an efficient plant. It was in this respect probably one of the best equipped printing offices between Winnipeg and the Pacific coast, with a power-driven rotary newspaper press, job press, and all the other paraphernalia of an up-to-date printing establishment. Motive power was at first furnished by an oil motor; but this was soon replaced by a small vertical steam engine. The plant was assembled and put to-

gether with the assistance of Regina's leading mechanic of those days, one Bobbie Gordon, an interesting Regina pioneer character.▲

At first the paper was under the personal direction of Mr. Davin, who was also editor-in-chief. In November, 1883, the concern was incorporated under the name of The Prairie Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd., with a capital of \$20,000.00 in 1,000 shares of \$20.00 each, "for printing and publishing of the Leader, or Regina Leader, and newspapers and gazettes in any part of the Northwest Territories, and of books and of bookbinding in all their branches." The corporate members of the company were N. F. Davin, journalist; Lieut.-Col. J. W. Selby, gentleman; Endo Saunders, gentleman; A. W. Brown, publisher, and J. McNevin, printer; all of Regina, N.W.T.



THE LEADER, REGINA.

It might seem a bold adventure, this, in a town hardly yet out of the tent stage, with a population of about 400 souls; but no doubt Mr. Davin had had some previous inkling of the fact that Regina had been selected to be the political capital of the Northwest Territories and the headquarters of the North-West Mounted Police, for these became accomplished facts almost simultaneously with the foundation of the paper. The establishment of the government offices meant printing, and all official offices meant business in the way of official notices for a paper that had a virtual monopoly of the printing business. We find the Leader printing the first issues of the Northwest Territories Gazette in 1883, and there is no doubt that up to 1887, at least, when a rival appeared on the scene, much government money flowed into its coffers. The Prairie Publishing Co. seems to have given good

value for the money thus received. All work was promptly and correctly done, and everyone appears to have been satisfied. The paper, too, caught the public imagination, as indeed it could not fail to do, on account of its high literary quality, neat appearance, and racy news columns.

No sooner had the first issue appeared than unscrupulous and venomous attacks on everything connected with the infant prairie capital commenced in the Winnipeg papers of the day. The *Winnipeg Times* and *Sun* (papers long defunct), united in diatribes against its water supply, its sanitary arrangements, etc., etc. Indeed, these papers had no good word to say of Regina.

Mr. Davin, thereupon buckled on his armor and proceeded to administer lively and effective punishment to the enemies of Regina, in a manner which made the rest of the newspaper world of Canada howl with glee. He first proceeded to lay down the facts which inspired the *Winnipeg press* and followed this by verbal castigation in his most approved style. His opponents broke into verse, and, by doing so, delivered themselves into the enemies' hands, for Davin immediately retorted with a short poem, which not only foretold with remarkable accuracy the future of Regina, but also the obliteration of the offensive papers, which met with speedy accomplishment. Of course, all this was splendid publicity, and the paper rapidly increased in circulation and influence. In less than three years from the date of its foundation, this weekly newspaper had a staff of eleven, and, in the course of an editorial written about this time, it is stated, "We have correspondents everywhere. There is more composition by far in a number of the *Leader* than in a number of the *Free Press*; and what is the result? We went to press on Wednesday evening last, printing several hundred more than usual. They were gone before the manager arrived at the office on Thursday morning. On Thursday a supplement was issued and another edition. On Thursday night the foreman came to us and said that another edition of one thousand would have to be issued; and accordingly on Friday we fired up and threw off a third edition."

The editorial policy laid down by Mr. Davin in the first issue of the paper, said, among other things:

"The *Leader* will have as its guiding star, Justice—justice to all, whether to poor or to rich, the powerful or the weak, and therefore our aim will be to give voice to every

cause and interest in the Northwest which concerns the public welfare. No lonely squatter, if he have right on his side, but may count on us; no corporation, no party, no government, however strong, however powerful, can exact more than justice at our hands—and less than justice neither need fear to get."

It may be said without fear of contradiction that this policy was at all times strictly adhered to. Mr. Davin and his paper had become the champions and friends of the struggling prairie settlers—and Heaven knows they needed such at that time.

In 1884 Mr. Davin was appointed secretary of the Commission on Chinese Immigration, a duty he performed to the satisfaction of the government. As this work entailed his absence from Regina, the duties of manager and acting editor were performed by Thomas Smith, who was in practical charge of the business from May, 1885, to September, 1886, when Mr. Davin resumed the managing editorship.

During the second Riel Rebellion the Leader gave an excellent news service, and the trials which followed were reported verbatim.

The time had now arrived for the Territories to have representation in the Dominion. Parliament and Sir John Macdonald looked with confidence to the Northwest for support. In Western Assiniboia, the huge electoral district, which then included Regina, two candidates presented themselves to the electorate at the first federal election, in which the Territories had a part, namely, Messrs. Nicholas Flood Davin and James Hamilton Ross. Mr. Ross, now Hon. Senator Ross, was a popular and honorable young man, but Mr. Davin's services were not to be overlooked, and at the election, held on March 15th, 1887, he was elected by a large majority.

On entering Parliament Dr. Davin turned his newspaper and printing business over to The Leader Printing Company, and Mr. John J. Young, a Regina boy who had been for some time in his service, became managing editor. Mr. Davin continued to guide the policy of the paper, and contributed parliamentary reports and articles.

A reorganization of the company took place in 1887, when it became The Leader Company, Limited. It had grown in size to eight pages, and supplements and extras were published on the occurrence of any important event of public interest. Its influence was felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and its

standards remained those of the highest class of journalism. A glance through the old files of the paper reveal a breadth of vision and a conception of the spirit of Western optimism that must have meant much to the readers of those days, for most of whom the Leader was the only literature. No subject was neglected in its columns that might prove of practical value to the urban or to the rural dweller, while there was ever present a not too obtrusive but persistent effort to lift the minds of readers to a higher level of intellectuality and culture.

The Leader passed from the control of Mr. Davin on August 22nd, 1895.

The Medicine Hat Times

(Jas. W. Morrow)

As the birth of the town of Medicine Hat and the settlement of the adjacent country by ranchers and those who, in early days ventured to do a little farming, depended on the railway, perhaps it would be appropriate at this particular stage to deal with the advent of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and the changes which speedily came about, all of which led up to the establishment of Medicine Hat's first newspaper.

The line having reached Maple Creek the Autumn before, early in the spring of 1883, about the end of January, the weather being like that of April or May, a number of men were sent to Medicine Hat to plan and lay out a construction camp, and in the Spring of that year those in charge of the railway construction camp started work out of Medicine Hat along the survey heading for Calgary. In order to continue building the railroad on the north side of the River Saskatchewan, a temporary means of crossing the swift flowing current was necessary. So the engineer in charge got busy, and with the aid of a pile driver, a temporary means of crossing was rapidly constructed, and on the first bridge across the river at Medicine Hat, made of piles, material and food for the gang of workmen laying the track westwards was sent forward. This early bridge was used by the C.P.R. railway until the completion of the present substantial steel bridge, which, however, as originally constructed, was somewhat different from the present structure, being only for the accommodation of one line of rails.

In 1883 Medicine Hat was born. Being a promising child it was laid down by its godfathers, Lord Strathcona and Lord Stephen, on the banks of the winding Saskatchewan. Its infancy was like that of Moses sleeping in an ark of bulrushes by the Nile, and like Miriam, the city fathers watched it.

By and by the royal spirit of Canadian commerce came down to the waters to bathe, and there she found it. She took it in her arms and the child grew, and waxed strong, and after coming of age, about 1904, it began stretching itself out into the proportions of a western metropolis, looking towards Cypress Hills on the south, and the Rocky Mountains away towards the west. While there has been a lull in the rate of growth occasioned by the war and its aftermath; no citizen

has doubt but that Medicine Hat, endowed with wonderful resources by nature, will continue to grow and expand, ultimately surpassing the record years of growth extending from 1904 to 1914, which are regarded by many as the palmy days in the history of the city.

However, 1883 was the day of small things. The townsite was not surveyed in the early part of the year, and those who came first were obliged, much as they may have disliked it, to pitch their tents on the river bank, where they could easily be moved as soon as the survey was completed. All business in the early days of the town's history was done in tents pitched on the river bank, occupying the site of the present beautiful park between the Canadian Pacific bridge and the traffic bridge constructed in 1907, and now known as the Finlay bridge, being erected through the efforts of Hon. W. T. Finlay, at that time Minister of Agriculture for the Provincial Government.

Without a Paper

It was indeed the day of small things, and Medicine Hat was without a newspaper for at least a year and a half after the place was laid out. How great a disadvantage this is all those who have had the privilege of reading a good daily will tell, for the newspaper after all is the great educator, being book, pulpit, platform and forum, all combined in one, according to one great authority. And there is not an interest—religious, literary, commercial, scientific, agricultural, or that of the pioneer, but feels the quaking of the printing press, and the mighty influence it wields. Many of the early citizens of Medicine Hat felt the tremendous handicap the place was under in being without a newspaper. In order to remedy this undesirable state of affairs, a few citizens, including John Ewart, William Cousins, Henry Stewart, N. Tweed (afterwards M.L.A. at Regina), Chas. Coltor, M. Leonard, Geo. McQuaig and W. T. Finlay (Minister of Agriculture afterwards at Edmonton), also L. B. Cochrane, these got together, and inducements were made to a party named Armour, who with a partner, Braden by name, had been interested in newspaper work in Calgary.

After some negotiations Mr. Armour saw his way clear to come to Medicine Hat, arriving in the fall of 1884. Or his arrival, steps were immediately taken to have a newspaper for Medicine Hat. Accordingly the paper was issued, with Mr. Armour as the first editor. The new addition to the press

of Western Canada was a very small paper as issued, just previous to the Rebellion, consisting of two sheets; the total size being fifteen inches by ten. In the days when papers are housed in residences like the Herald building in Calgary, it is well to remember that those who did pioneer newspaper work in the days of the beginning of things in Western Canada had to be content with very modest buildings; and the accommodation accorded the editor was nothing to boast about. Indeed, the Medicine Hat Times, as the new arrival was called, was housed in an old disused box car, one of a number used by the C.P.R. during the days of construction, and donated by them to the railroad employees in Medicine Hat in order to make up for a shortage of houses. The editor of the Medicine Hat Times resided in a little room in the back of the car, walled off from the rest of the car, which was supposed to meet the needs of a composing and printing room, as well as editorial sanctum, all combined in one. The editor of the Times, like many other pioneers in Western Canada, "batched" in the kitchen, and doubtless sampled the beauties of "resurrection hash," as many a bachelor has been obliged to do. The Times started as a weekly paper, then after a time it was published as a daily for two or three months, but the constituency was too small and the paper was finally issued as The Weekly Times.

In the summer of 1886, Mr. Armour, having a chance of a more lucrative appointment, induced Mr. W. Cousins, one of the pioneer merchants (who came to Medicine Hat early in the Spring of 1883, driving in his goods from Maple Creek in Red River carts before the advent of the railway), to undertake the editing of the Medicine Hat Times. Accordingly, Mr. William Cousins acted as editor for three or four months, but finding the business of editing the pioneer newspaper was interfering with the attention he felt he must give to his business as storekeeper, he began to look around for an editor. Editors were not easily laid hold of in those days. Mr. Cousins, however, in the spring of 1886, ran across a rather strange looking individual who, though the thermometer was up around ninety degrees, and the temperature hot enough, as Kipling has it, "To make your blooming eye brows crawl," was parading the streets of Medicine Hat in a fur cap. It transpired that for the time being he belonged to the "hobo" class, and being "strapped," as he said, had been compelled to walk in on Shank's mare from the other side of Maple Creek. Mr. Cousins having gathered that he had considerable experience in newspaper work, induced him to take over the

editorial duties of *The Times*; which he did with considerable success; conducting the paper for a couple of years, and selling out to Mr. J. K. Drinnan in 1888, after which Mr. Holt went down to California and continued in the newspaper business in Santa Monica.

Mr. Drinnan came from the shores of Georgian Bay, being born in Pentanguishine, 1858. In the early eighties he volunteered for service with the Canadian boatmen on the Nile and went through the Egyptian campaign under Wolseley. On returning to Canada he came to Medicine Hat, where he acted as one of the early school teachers in the first school erected on "Toronto street." Mr. Drinnan acted as editor of *The Times* for a while, during which it lengthened the cords and strengthened its stakes. Mr. Drinnan improved the paper in many ways, and in the autumn of 1889 secured the services of Mr. F. Forster, now of Edmonton, as business manager. Mr. Forster understood the business management of the paper thoroughly and was able, by his services, to put *The Times* on a perfectly sound financial footing.

In the early nineties, Mr. J. K. Drinnan sold out his interest in *The Times* to an incorporated company, composed largely of Medicine Hat citizens, with a few shareholders among the pioneer ranchers of the surrounding district. The new company engaged as editor of *The Times*, a man by the name of A. M. Gordon, who had had a somewhat chequered career; but was an exceedingly able man. Like the editor of the "Eye Opener," Gordon had considerable knowledge of the world, and had passed with the highest honors through Edinboro' University, acting for a time as minister of a charge in the old country. Drifting out to Canada, he entered into newspaper work, for which he was eminently fitted, having a very picturesque and resounding style; and at the same time quite a fund of humor. He was, however, as Mr. Forster puts it, "A very able man, and a writer of considerable experience, but lost in a small community like Medicine Hat at that time." While he was an exceptionally good editorial writer, he knew little or nothing about how a paper went in debt. About 1893 Mr. Gordon went to Vancouver, where he had much better scope for the display of his quite unusual power. While working for the Vancouver Press he published a Janivas skit on the Kaiser, entitled "Meinself and Gott," a piece of combined tremour and sarcasm which it would be hard to surpass. It was printed in almost every paper in the North American continent. Along about 1894, the company

which owned The Times, changed the name to "The Medicine Hat News." The name of the company was "The Medicine Hat Printing and Publishing Co., Limited." Mr. Forster succeeded Mr. Gordon as editor and manager for the company, and continued in that position for a number of years until 1911. The Medicine Hat News was issued at first for several years as a weekly paper and latterly as a daily, Mr. Teovill is the present editor.

As stated, the first building in which the Medicine Hat Times was housed, hardly deserved the name, being an old box car standing on a vacant lot on what is now North Railway street, near where Mr. Peter Robinson is living just now. In the course of a few years it was moved over to South Railway street, near the site of the American Hotel. After that another move was made, where The Times opened up in a building belonging to Mr. J. Brinnan, the editor, on what is now Second street.

The Lethbridge News

(By Edward Hagell.)

Lethbridge, Southern Alberta, now a city of approximately 11,000, owes its existence to the enterprise of The Northwest Coal and Navigation Co., the capital of which was largely subscribed in England, and at the head of which was Sir A. F. Galt, one of the "Fathers of Confederation" and a firm believer in the great future of the then little known Northwest. The primary object of the company was to supply fuel for the great transcontinental railway, the C.P.R., then in course of construction. Work was commenced on the out-cropping coal seams on the river bottom by miners brought over from Scotland in 1882. To convey the coal to Medicine Hat a fleet of barges was built, but after a season's experiences of the difficulties of navigation of the Belly River, were discarded, and a narrow gauge railway, familiarly known as "the turkey trail," built to Dunmore Junction, where connection was made with the C.P.R. This line, over 100 miles in length, was built in the summer of 1885. It is with this year that the history of Lethbridge practically begins, the coal camp on the river bottom being known as "Coalbanks."

In the summer of that year several businesses were opened up in tents and shacks, included among the number being the "Lethbridge News." Outside of the infant coal mining industry there was practically nothing in the way of farming or other occupations that called for the location of a town in this section of Southern Alberta. Fort Macleod had been founded a few years previously by the N.W.M.P., and was fully capable of catering to the needs of the few scattered settlers on the river bottoms and several large cattle ranches located at various points, horses and cattle being the sole product of the almost unlimited range, extending 150 miles north of the international boundary, and westward and eastward 100 miles each way.

Like all aspiring young towns, Lethbridge was anxious to secure a medium of publicity, and to aid the establishment of such an industry, a gift of two lots on Round street, the principal of the embryonic business streets, was made. On the proposed site an office building was shortly thereafter erected. The News first seeing the light of day in a shack at the rear of a newly-opened hardware business.

E. T. Saunders, who came west as a member of the N.W.M.P., and who for a couple of years previously had been associated with C. E. D. Wood in publishing "The Gazette" at Macleod (the first newspaper published in the Territories south of the Saskatchewan), was the man behind the new enterprise. The News was first printed on a small army press—that had been used in the publication of the Gazette—brought into the country by way of the Missouri and Fort Benton, Montana, and afterwards freighted by bull train to Macleod. Rapidity of production, however, did not count



E. T. SAUNDERS.
First editor of The
Lethbridge News.



E. HAGELL.
Long time connected with the
Lethbridge News.

for much in those days, circulation naturally being small, and the army press was fully able to cope with the situation for the time being. The paper consisted of four pages, size of page being about 10x12, set in 8-point. The following year saw the installation of a Cottrell cylinder press, a Peerless platen press, and other machinery, making the plant one of the best in the Territories at that time. The size of the paper was then increased to a five column quarto. Horsepower was subsequently superseded successively by gas engine, steam engine, electric motor, and additions made to machinery and other equipment to keep well up with the growing demand of business.

In 1900, E. Hagell, a member of the staff for ten years standing, was taken into partnership, and on completion of twenty years of publication, Mr. Saunders decided to retire, and the business passed into the hands of E. Hagell, by whom it was incorporated under the style of "The News Print, Ltd."

In 1905, when a great number of people were coming into the country, many from the United States, and the town was forging ahead under the impetus of its first "growing pains," the News was issued for sometime as a semi-weekly, and later on with several local business men taking a small amount of stock, the paper was issued as a daily, under the caption of "The Southern Alberta News." The plant at this time included a Monoline type-setting machine, which was run with a double shift. The move, however, proved premature, and after running for one year, the paper was compelled, from financial reasons to cease publication.

The News was continued under E. Hagell as a weekly until 1910, when the title and subscription list was sold to outside newspaper interests, who put in an up-to-date plant in a new two-storey office that had been built on Eighth street, and issued "The Morning News." This venture also appeared to be somewhat premature, and after reverting to a weekly publication, was finally discontinued at the end of three years, and the plant removed. In the meantime the original News plant, located in the same building, was utilized purely as a job producer, by E. Hagell.

Before quitting the News Mr. Saunders had established another weekly paper at Pincher Creek, "The Echo," and having acquired a ranch in that locality, he spent most of his time there. About 1910, at the time of the boom, he sold his business and residential property in Lethbridge at a good price and later on bought a small place in California, where for some years he spent the winters.

The founder of the News was popularly known as "Si Saunders." He was of a very genial disposition, a great lover of horses and dogs, and a keen sportsman. He married Miss Kean, an old-timer of Lethbridge, but had no family, dying in California about six years ago.

The policy of the News was never cramped by the limits of political creeds, the rights and interests of the West, and of Alberta in particular, always being strongly advocated irrespective of party considerations, and it is gratifying to know

that many of the measures advocated have since become accomplished facts.

Two matters that the News strenuously advocated were the building of the Crow's Nest line and the passing of legislation by the federal government, making it possible for the A. R. and I. Co. to undertake irrigation work on its lands, by having the same allocated in large blocks instead of alternate sections as had been the usual method of making railway land grants. These were two vital questions for Southern Alberta, and their accomplishment has been of inestimable value to the country.

E. Hagell, whose name appeared over the editorial columns of the News following that of its founder, is a native of Kent, England, learning his trade as a printer in the county town of Maidstone. Came to Canada in March, and in August the same year was employed on "The Leader," Regina, when Nicholas Flood Davin ruled the roost, and Walter Scott, afterwards its proprietor, and likewise Premier of Saskatchewan, worked at the case. In October, 1890, came west to Lethbridge to join the News staff, with which he was connected in every capacity until selling out in 1910. He continued in the printing business until 1921, when he came further west to Vancouver and entered into partnership in a newspaper and job printing business in the Fraser Valley. In the fall of 1924, he returned to Vancouver, and is at present representing a slip in the proofroom of the Daily Province.



FIRST HOME OF THE LETHBRIDGE NEWS.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT IN "THE '85"

(By Howard Angus Kennedy)

MR. KENNEDY'S REMINISCENCES OF THE
REBELLION CAMPAIGN.

"Would you like to go out as our war correspondent?" John Dougall asked me, in the editorial office of the Montreal Daily Witness, with the country stirred to its depths by the outbreak of the Riel Rebellion. That very morning, and just about the time we were calmly discussing my new assignment, "Wandering Spirit" and his painted braves were shooting down the unarmed inhabitants of Frog Lake. If we had only known it! But that would have made no difference, unless to make me still more eager for the job. Would I like? Would a bird like to fly? Naturally, I jumped at the chance. You'll notice it was only an "offer," not an order. The tender-hearted editor would not for the world have ordered me to go on such a risky errand.

A singularly fine man, John Redpath Dougall, let me say in passing. A type of man altogether too rare among us—not only devoted to the highest ideals of public as of private life, but expressing those ideals in his journal with intelligence as keen as his knowledge is wide. This country owes an incalculable debt to him and his unique paper. Today, an elastic 87, he writes editorials in the Weekly Witness with a mind as alert as when at 40 he gave me my first reporting job on the Daily—within an hour of my arrival from overseas, a red-headed youth bent on farming!

Variety—I had no lack of that to complain of in my young newspaper days, without any need of war. Every sort of reporting came my way, and I found human interest in all—from police raid to potash prices, from lacrosse match to church synod, from a side-splitting speech by Mark Twain to a logical exposition by Edward Blake, from writing up a new mill to investigating a new murder. I interviewed the most incongruous lot of celebrities, from the evangelist Moody to Oscar Wilde.

Nor had I even a touch of home-sickness to make me discontented. I was an enthusiastic Canadian before I had

been here a week, and felt quite at home in the province of Quebec among both French and English. Yet, having always an insatiable appetite for new experiences I seized every opportunity of travel, and created opportunities when they were too slow of coming. At the end of 1884 I made a dash across the continent to California, taking in the sights of Chicago and Salt Lake City by the way; got snowed up for a week in the Colorado mountains; and, after celebrating New Year with relations in Tennessee, ran down to an International Exposition at New Orleans—where I suffered more from bitter cold than ever I had, or have had since, in Canada.

Already at that time threats of trouble in the old territory of Saskatchewan were disturbing all Canadians—all, apparently, except the politicians whose business it was to avert the coming storm.

The fatal lethargy of the government, which had neglected all warnings of the obviously critical situation, gave place to sudden feverish activity on news of the outbreak of rebellion at Batoche, on March 18, followed closely by the battle of Duck Lake on the 26th. Troops were hurried off to the front from eastern cities, as well as from Winnipeg. In Montreal, the 65th Militia Battalion, composed mostly of French-Canadians, was called to arms, and mustered in the big hall over Bonsecour's Market. They were to leave at once, and I got Colonel Ouimet's permission to go with them.

I was left entirely free to make my own arrangements. Though I had had no experience whatever of war reporting, no one of my acquaintance knew more about it than I did. At Drysdale's store I found a little book called "Glimpses Through the Cannon Smoke," by Archibald Forbes. One of the greatest of war correspondents, his despatches to the London "Daily News" during the Russo-Turkish War had thrilled me as a boy. But I searched in vain through his book of adventures for any practical hints to a novice in his craft, and had to fall back on my own wits, with a few hints from a man who had once made a journey to the West. Such men were scarce in those days, before the opening of the Canadian Pacific.

A square black knapsack of the kind then in use, and a pair of grey army blankets, these I secured from the military stores served out to the 65th. A heavy square of black waterproof tarpaulin was the only thing I got made. My English whipcord riding suit, with knee-high boots, a Stetson hat;

a spare flannel shirt, underwear and socks in my knapsack, with a wad of copy paper and bunch of pencils—that was my whole outfit. I don't know whether fountain pens had been invented. The stylographic sort had been, I believe; but I would not have cared to lug around a supply of ink for it. I was bound to keep down weight. Somewhere out west I would get a horse, no doubt, but I would take nothing I could not carry on my shoulders in case the animal was shot under me, or any other unforeseeable accident might throw me back on "Shank's mare."

My armament—I must not forget that! I had never fired a rifle or revolver in my young life, and only once a shot gun. Never mind, High Constable Bissonnette offered me the pick of his collection as a parting gift, and I siezed on a lovely six-shooter, its silver butt most elegantly engraved, in a drawer full of weapons confiscated mostly from American criminals, whose raids have nearly always provided Canada with her most sensational crimes.

Finding the regiment still held up when the day ended, I make a quick change of the plan and boarded the night train for the old southern route to the west. It took me three days and twenty-two hours to reach Winnipeg, after the usual stoppages of three hours each at Toronto and Chicago, and, (owing to the Sunday), 14 hours at St. Paul. That line through the States was the only railway route then open between Eastern and Western Canada. Our soldiers were not allowed to use it, though it was perfectly well known to the U. S. Government that every day's delay increased the risk of our scattered prairie settlers being wiped out by the wild Indians whom Riel was moving heaven and earth to drive on to the warpath. I don't know whether our government formally asked leave to send troops by that quickest route, or whether it was simply taken for granted that any such request would be refused. I do know, from the talk I heard in the train and at Chicago and St. Paul, that many Americans carried their childish hatred of our flag to the point of loudly wishing success to our savage foes. And the two Gatling machine guns which we got from the factory in Connecticut, would have been withheld if the order had arrived ten minutes later, when the Washington Government put in a demand for every Gatling in stock.

Our troops all had to go west by the unfinished Canadian Pacific. North of Lake Superior there were four gaps about

105 miles in all, where the rails had not yet been laid. With magnificent energy, Van Horne and his railway builders succeeded in transporting the troops through this difficult region with a speed which the government had thought impossible. The Queen's Own Rifles and the redcoats of the Infantry School, who had left Toronto at noon on March 30, reached Winnipeg on the night of April 6. They looked as if they had gone through a hard campaign already, their faces blistered and peeled by frost-bite and some of them snow-blind as well.

The 90th of Winnipeg—General Middleton affectionately called them his “little black devils”—with half the local field battery and the regular batteries from Kingston and Quebec, had already gone on to Troy, otherwise Qu'Appelle. I followed with the Torontonians. Of all the hundreds of entertainments I have had to describe, in three continents, I am least likely to forget the military concert given by those boys in a sleeping car during the night of that journey. I have kept the words of one song, given me by its author, Color-Sergeant Crean. Here is the last verse:

To annexate us some folks could, or “independent” be
And our Sir John would federate the colonies, I see;
But let them blow till they are blue, and I'll throw up my hat
And give my life for England's flag—you can bet your
boots on that!
The flag that's braved a thousand years—you can bet your
boots on that!

At Qu'Appelle I had a new problem to solve for my paper—or rather for my papers, because it had been arranged that I should represent the New York “Herald” and the Winnipeg “Sun,” besides the “Daily Witness” and the three weeklies published by the Dougalls. It had been decided that one force under Gen. Middleton would leave the rail at Qu'Appelle and go north to deal with Riel's Metis around Batoche, while another column under Col. Otter would continue by rail to Swift Current and then strike north across the prairie to tackle the Indians “besieging” Battleford. To which force should I attach myself?

As the idea of fighting wild Indians promised more novelty and interest than dealing with “half-breeds”—as most of the correspondents were attaching themselves to Middleton's force, and in any case the full news of the commander-

in-chief's column was more likely to reach the East without much hindrance, I resolved to go farther afield where the difficulties to be overcome would be greatest. Accordingly, on the night of April 8th I embarked in a caboose with Lieut. Wadmore and Lieut. Brock, in charge of Otter's vanguard. We covered the 187 miles in seven hours. Early morning saw us finally quitting the railway at Swift Current, which then consisted of eight or nine shacks close to the station.

The difficulty of sending news east was great from the start. There was only one mail a week beyond Moose Jaw, which had a daily service from Winnipeg. Military and construction or other service trains passed at irregular intervals, and I watched for every such opportunity to send letters down; but, of course, I had to send up-to-the-moment news right along by telegraph, and the wires were so crowded with official and railway messages that press despatches suffered the most exasperating delays. One message handed in at 7.30 a.m., did not get off till past noon, and probably arrived after the day's paper had gone to press. Night messages, I was assured, would have better luck; but a telegram handed in before 10 p.m. was still lying on the operator's table when I strolled over to the station in the morning.

Getting a horse—that was my next difficulty. I had bought a saddle in Winnipeg, a new saddle too, for \$8. (You may find the price as hard to believe as I found the saddle hard to ride.) I found bareback riding more comfortable, but not on my first charger—I drew the line at bare backbone. War always costs a newspaper far more than it can make up by gains from any extra circulation that even the most exciting news can bring it. The "Witness," I knew, could ill afford the heavy telegraphic and other expenses of the campaign—a really independent paper even then found its principles a severe handicap—and I resisted the temptation to buy a dollar's worth of equipment more than I found absolutely necessary.

Horses were roaming over the prairie in thousands, I had understood; but not one member of the species could I find for sale at Swift Current. Fortunately for me, though unfortunately for the business we were on, we had to wait four days in camp by the railway till hundreds of wagons could be collected, mostly from Manitoba farms, to carry the infantry and supplies over the 185 miles of absolutely uninhabited prairie trail to Battleford. It was only on the eve of our departure

that I ran across a man who said he could supply me with a mount.

Where was the animal? Oh, out on the prairie; he could round it up all right. As there was not a fence to keep a horse from wandering as far as Manitoba, Mexico or the Rocky Mountains, if he had an itch for travel, to wait for his capture involved some trial of faith. But I did wait, and was still waiting when the rearguard of the force had disappeared over the hills north of town. I knew that if the worst came to the worst I could walk the 28 miles to the South Saskatchewan and catch up with the troops before they could all be ferried across.

At last the "horse" appeared. He was just a bag of bones, after a winter of picking dry grass from under the snow. He was the sort of cayuse that fetched perhaps \$7 in normal times. But this was wartime, and I had to pay \$75. It was Hobson's choice. Off I rode, and caught up with the troops at their first halt. A wiry little beast, the cayuse, and he had no trouble in keeping up with the Mounted Police, who, of course, had to reduce their speed to that of the wagons. In fact, I often kept him at a walk, so that I could write my despatches as I rode. That was a little hard, I admit; but by taking pains I managed to turn out copy so legible, down to the last comma, that when it arrived—the editor told me afterwards—it needed no editing; all he had to do was to shoot it up to the compositors. As every minute saved was of priceless value, he was duly grateful.

The first night on that long march to the beleagured town, Colonel Miller, commanding the Queen's Own, offered me the hospitality of his tent. One night of the grandeur, however, was more than enough. There was no snow on the ground, but the temperature was far below zero. While the Colonel and Major Allen snored away comfortably under piles of cover, I nearly froze in my poor pair of blankets on the ground. A jug full of water by my head was a solid lump of ice by morning. I hunted up a Toronto volunteer who was a tailor by trade, and got him to sew up one of my blankets into a sleeping sack, and next night I chipped in with a dozen of the rank and file. With our 26 feet hodnobbing around the tent-pole, we kept each other good and warm.

The grub was poor, and at times none too plentiful, for lusty young men in that keen air. Hard tack—Noah's remainder biscuit when he left the ark, we reckoned, salt pork,

alternating with Chicago canned beef; and boiled tea. Beans and dried apples were nominally included in the ration, but rarely showed up. There was no time to cook them, on the march. That did not bother me. A much more serious hardship was lack of sleep. At every halt during the day, which was as hot as the night was cold, most of the soldiers could throw themselves down in the shade of the wagons and steal a nap. I had to finish my writing, get it passed by the censor, hunt up a despatch rider who was being sent back to the railway with official news, feed and water my horse, swallow a little meat and tea, pocket my hard tack to munch on the go, and by the time I had saddled up the column was rolling away up the trail.

Colonel Otter himself acted as censor. I fancy he realized as well as I did that if Indians or Metis captured a despatch rider they could hardly learn anything of consequence which their scouts could not see for themselves. Anyhow, nothing I wrote at that stage was ever struck out:

I was the only mounted correspondent with that force—the only independent press man at all, in fact. Two members of the Queen's Own were writing for the Toronto "Globe" and "Mail." The Globe man was a brother of William and George Flint, at one time well-known members of the Witness staff. Later on, I think after we had reached Battleford. Young Harkin joined us, representing the Montreal "Star." I remember his long black cape fluttering in the wind on Cutknife Hill, an easy mark for an Indian sniper. Happily, neither he nor I got hit, though a horse was shot close by me, and bullets were whistling through the air from all points of the compass. But I am getting ahead of my story.

The relief of Battleford was being awaited in Eastern Canada with intense anxiety. The whole population of the district, 560 men, women and children, had taken refuge in the old police stockade, and they were believed to be in imminent danger. To what extent that fear was justified, is not for me here to discuss. I am not writing a history of the campaign, only sketching a newspaper man's experiences. It is enough to say that we all, in the relieving force, shared the general fear. We chafed at the unexpected delay of four days on the south bank of the Saskatchewan. We had to be ferried across by the stern-wheel steamer "Northcote." She had navigated with great difficulty and for the first time on record, the shallow river from Medicine

Hat, and afterwards went on to help Middleton in his attack on Batoche; an intention which was not fulfilled. While doing our ferry work, one day, she was blown adrift by a gale, and stuck fast on a sand bank. She got off, but another storm kept her idle the whole next day. It was the 18th of April before we were all across and bowling away once more on the northward trail.

By that time the Canadian Pacific had nearly completed a branch telegraph line overland from Swift Current. North of the river, however, for the remaining 157 miles, we had no means of communication with our base except by mounted couriers. At Battleford we expected to get in touch with the outside world again by direct telegraph—a government wire overland from Winnipeg, following the northerly route originally proposed for the C.P.R. The rebels, however, were equally well acquainted with that wire and its value to us. They cut it again and again. The linemen, taking their lives in their hands, always went out and repaired it, but sometimes this took a day or two, and the beleaguered town was then completely isolated.

I had ventured to predict that we should reach Battleford by Friday, the 24th. Down east this was received with incredulity. But we did it bright and early that day; in fact we could have arrived on the evening of the 23rd, but were ordered to halt for the night within three or four miles of the town. The "Witness" got and published the heartening news before any other paper.

At Battleford, I was able to secure two documents which will be of value to historians, a diary of the "siege" kept by Constable Fraser, and the diary of Corporal Sleigh (killed later at Cut Knife), who had left Frog Lake the day before the massacre and came down the icy river after the evacuation of Fort Pitt with Captain Dicken's command. They had reached Battleford only two days when we marched in.

As most of the pioneer settlers in that region had come from rural Ontario, where the "Witness" was regarded with peculiar affection, I was most cordially welcomed by everyone. The first two night I slept on the uncarpeted floor of a little den in the police officers quarters, a house built for one family, but then crowded with 65 individuals, three families being accommodated in a single room. When a hospitable resident of the town took me into his home, I enjoyed

the luxury of a sofa, but it was only a shade softer than the floor.

According to the official inscription on the cairn erected in 1925, that town was "sacked" by the rebel Indians. As a fact, though the inhabitants had taken refuge in the fort, their deserted homes were not touched, (two houses were burned in the "old town" south of Battle River). Mr. Macdonald, one of the storekeepers had a considerable supply of canned fruits, salmon, honey and other eatables, which we speedily bought up.

One of the first men I visited, naturally, was my fellow-craftsman, P. G. Laurie, who ran the "Saskatchewan Herald." His equipment was in good shape, and he presented me with his 172nd number, published the day before our arrival. It lies on my desk as I write. It consists of four pages, of 14½ by 11 inches, and opens with this announcement:

"The Herald is published in time of peace every Friday morning. During the existing troubles it will be issued when convenient and when opportunity offers of getting it out of the country. As the mails are cancelled for the present this is a very uncertain thing to depend on. Single copies ten cents.

The issues for May 11 and 18, also before me, consist of only two pages each, but these are crowded with red-hot news, well set and printed, including accounts of the battle at Cut Knife Hill and Batoche.

A week after our arrival Otter led half his force out to finish Poundmaker," as he told Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney on Cut Knife Hill, about 38 miles west of Battleford, we suffered a disastrous defeat, which an unveracious tablet, erected moreover on the wrong hill, now represents as a victory. Having failed, after an all-night ride, to catch the Indians asleep in their camp, we were surrounded by them for five hours and suffered heavier losses than we were able to inflict. Colonel Otter realized that our position was so precarious it could not be held through the night. We, therefore, retreated with all possible speed the way we had come. Thanks to Poundmaker himself, who threatened to flog any Indian going after us, we were allowed to pass untouched through dense woods where we could easily have been cut to pieces.

It was about 9 o'clock on the night of that fatal 2nd of May when we got back to Battleford, exhausted. The wire

to the east had again been cut, no one knew where. I was not content, as others apparently were, to wait for its repair.

But how else could I get the news of the battle to my paper? I had now got a better horse, in trade for my bag-of-bones and \$40 boot, but I could hardly expect him to start right away and carry me without dropping on another ride of 157 miles to the Saskatchewan Crossing, even if I could have stood it myself. If I could have got a couple of fresh horses I would have tried it; but fortunately I found a courier just being sent off with an official despatch. I hastily scribbled a short message, summarizing the battle news, with the names of the killed and wounded, and entrusted it to this courier. How many hands it passed through I never discovered; a few supply stations had been established along the trail, and probably one courier passed it on to another. At any rate, my telegram got to its destination well ahead of any other unofficial news. The longest way round had proved the shortest way there. The direct wire remained out of commission for two or three days; it had not only been cut, a considerable length of it had been carried off. The other correspondents could only tear their hair while their accumulated messages lay dumb on the operator's desk. My paper, therefore, was the first to receive the news of the battle. Not, as happened, the first to print it. My message arrived on Sunday. The Witness would not set its men to work and bring out a Sunday edition. The message was promptly published, however, by the New York Herald, being then snapped up and wired everywhere, it actually appeared in the Montreal morning papers before its real owners could use it.

On other occasions the "Witness" lost, by sheer theft, the priority of news I had won for it. Whether some telegraph operator betrayed his trust by selling or giving my messages to other papers, whether some sneak-thief hanging around a telegraph office picked up the precious news, or whether the wires were actually tapped en route, I cannot say, but when I got back to Montreal the editor wrote this paragraph:

Mr. H. A. Kennedy, the Witness correspondent with Colonel Otter's column in the Northwest, has returned. His letters descriptive of the Cut Knife Hill fight, of the surrender of Poundmaker and afterwards of the junction of the troops at Battleford and subsequent chase of Big Bear, will be remembered as long as the readers of the Witness speak of these events. He was assiduous in fur-

nishing the Witness with the first news of all these events, to the profit of the telegraph thieves who intercepted, stole and often mutilated the despatches that they sent through.

The censorship became more rigorous in those days of suspense between the relief of Battleford and Cut Knife Hill fight. It was natural that Otter should not want his plan of attacking Poundmaker to leak out. (In public, even when we were on the point of starting, he did not admit his intention of "finishing" Poundmaker; we were only going to make a reconnaissance in force, to make Poundmaker "declare himself," for peace or war, and, presumably by a mere show of force, to intimidate Big Bear from coming down to join hands with the other rebels.) I was even forbidden to report the arrival of an English halfbreed, Samuel Denison, who had escaped from the Indian camp and announced that Poundmaker was "preparing to defend his camp against us." That would have shown Poundmaker as having already declared himself, and as knowing well what to expect if we came out to his camp with horse, foot and artillery. The message I had filed was returned to me (I have it before me now), with this note pencilled on it by the colonel:

Dear Sir,—I do not consider it necessary to have this telegraphed at present. I have refused it to others.—
W.D.O.

At the historic and picturesque "pow-wow," when the Indian chiefs came in to surrender after Riel's final defeat, I stood beside the interpreter with a wad of telegraph forms in my hand—the only paper I could get—and wrote in swift long-hand a verbatim report. When the murderers of Farm Instructor Payne and the Belgian farmer, Fremont, had confessed and were led to the cells with the chiefs, whose detention had been ordered, I had no transcription to do: I had only to cram my report into an envelope and send it off by courier, while I dashed off a short summary for the wire.

A special correspondent of "The Times," the great London journal with which I was afterwards connected for twenty years, came up with Middleton from Batoche. He travelled in high style, with a tent and all of his own, which none of us Canadians could boast. What became of him, or of my Canadian colleagues, after the surrender of the chiefs, I cannot say. Not one newspaper man did I meet, through all the rest of the campaign.

Four columns were now formed, to penetrate the northern wilds in pursuit of Big Bear, some of whose nominal subjects had perpetrated, in spite of him, the Frog Lake massacre. They were dragging about with them 26 white captives, whose rescue was now our most imperative duty. One of these columns consisted entirely of horsemen, Mounted Police and Boulton's Scouts, to whom, therefore, I attached myself.

What with soaking rains, bottomless muskegs, deficiency of clothes and food, and surplus of flies and mosquitoes, as we got farther and farther from civilization more difficulties were encountered on that northward trip than we had before experienced.

We rode up between the Battle and North Saskatchewan Rivers; 90 miles odd, to the site of Fort Pitt, the police buildings had been burned, the Hudson's Bay store alone remaining. Then, turning northwest 30 miles from Frog Lake, we found and buried some of the victims of the massacre. Tom Quinn, the Indian agent, who had been the first to fall, and Charlie Gouin, the loyal Metis. By this time we had joined forces with General Strange's column, which had made the great circuit from Calgary to Edmonton to Fort Pitt and had fought the Big Bear Indians at Frenchman's Butte. We made our painful way up north to Beaver River, through some of the most beautiful park lands of Saskatchewan, but also through some of the worst muskegs and the wickedest hordes of mosquitoes. Yet it did us no harm. Apart from the wounded the troops engaged in that campaign enjoyed marvellous health.

It was on that hard march I came across young W. B. Cameron, the one white man whose life the murderers had spared at Frog Lake; and he told me the story which he has since published in that remarkable book "The War Trail of Big Bear." He had escaped in the confusion after Frenchman's Butte, with the help of friendly Indians who had been forced to trail along with the war party. I met him riding as scout for General Strange, with whom I also found Canon Mackay and another famous missionary, John Macdougall, acting in the same capacity.

In the same column I met again my old friends of the 65th of Montreal, as well as the 92nd of Winnipeg. They had had a tremendous march; some of them were doing sentry-go in bare feet, having worn out their boots; but they were anything but down-hearted, and it was delightful to hear and join

in the old French folksongs they sang along the trail, light-heartedly accepting as accompaniment the hungry hum of a million mosquitoes.

Sitting on a log outside the Roman Catholic mission church near Beaver River, I took down another account of the captivity from H. R. Halpine, who had been Hudson's Bay clerk up here, as Cameron had been at Frog Lake. Twenty-seven years later, when I came back to Canada for good and took my present farm at Lacombe, In Central Alberta, I found Halpine's brother running the local newspaper, the "Western Globe," as he still does. But 40 years had passed since the rebellion before my second meeting with Cameron, at the unveiling of the Frog Lake cairn.

Held up at Beaver River for orders, we kicked at the delay, but were mighty glad of the rest, even though the sugar had given out. Milk, even of the condensed variety, we never tasted throughout the campaign. We were delighted by a great discovery of flour in the Hudson's Bay store, such of it as the raiders had left; but, to our great disgust, it would not make bread, or, our cooks did not know how. Still, the crudest of bannocks and unsweetened doughnuts were a welcome change from the everlasting hard tack, which broke many of our teeth and was only palatable soaked and fried in pork fat.

Oats had given out weeks before, and the team horses must have been discontented if not actually suffering. The bronchos and cayuses thrived mightily on the rich wild grass.

On the escape of the last white prisoners, the pursuit of Big Bear was given up, and the campaign was practically at an end. Rather than wait cooling my heels on Beaver River till the troops were allowed to start their homeward march, I saddled up and rode alone post haste to Fort Pitt, a matter of 70 miles or so, taking the chance of being held up by some stray "hostile" along the trail. As I sized up the situation, and as a matter of fact, very few either of the Indians or the Metis had ever really wanted to fight; most of those who took up arms under Riel's persuasions and threats did so with reluctance, and were as glad as ourselves when his capture relieved them from the tyranny of the extremist minority.

The Maclean family had just arrived after their long captivity when I rode up to the fort on June 22nd. They had waited in the brush, on nearing the fort, till clothing could

be sent out for Mrs. Maclean and her daughters, who by this time were in rags. I was in little better plight myself. Some of the soldiers had improvised trousers from flour sacks, but I had too little confidence in my skill with the needle. At Beaver River, by the way, I had come upon that genial old soldier, General Strange, sitting in his shirt sleeves darning his socks, with wool unravelled from another pair.

I interviewed Mr. Maclean at Fort Pitt in the cabin of the stern-wheeler "Marquis," which was about to carry his family back to civilization. He gave me a full account of their thrilling adventures as prisoners in the wandering camp of the enemy ever since the evacuation of Fort Pitt on April 15.

I rode the 90 miles from Fort Pitt to Battleford in two days, with a mail carrier named Gopsill for comrade and caterer. At Battleford I only stopped long enough to sell my horse (for \$75) and say good-bye to the many friends I had made there, before embarking in the "Alberta" for the next stage of the journey.

I have had many lively adventures afloat, from an encounter with a West Indian Hurricane in a cockleshell of a freighter, to a descent of the St. Lawrence rapids on a raft; but the most curious piece of navigation in my experience was that voyage down the North Saskatchewan. The mosquitoes ate us up by night and the sandbanks held us up by day. Navigation after dark was out of the question, so we lay moored to the trees along the shore. At dawn we were on the move again, but never for long. The "Alberta" was one of those shallow flat-bottomed steamers which are credited with keeping afloat in a heavy dew, but for many miles at a stretch we were constantly running aground on hidden shoals. To get off again we would drive two poles into the river bed, one on each side, with pulleys and tackle fixed to the top, by which we hoisted the steamer bodily up a foot or so (she only drew two feet of water anyway), then full steam ahead and on to the next sand bank. We took eight mortal hours getting past one island. Again and again we sent men ashore and fastened a hawser to the biggest tree we could find on that side of the island, then wound up the rope on a steam winch, and so hauled off.

And all that time, who should be looking on from behind other trees on the same island but Big Bear himself. All the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men had not been able to catch him, yet there he was, almost rubbing shoulders with

privates of the Midland Battalion who had swum ashore. If only they had known!

Big Bear told me all about it himself, a few days later. Rather than spend the rest of his life a fugitive hiding in the northern labyrinth, he had resolved to surrender and take chances with the white man's justice. On his way down to Prince Albert, he was crossing that island when our steamer hove in sight. He spied the soldiers on board, and dared not show himself lest they should kill him without trial. They might have; for owing to the crimes of his rebellious tribesmen he was commonly, though wrongly, supposed to be himself the arch-criminal, in fact a fiend incarnate.

When at last we got out of sight he continued his journey, with his wife, three children, and brother-in-law. He put himself in the hands of a Metis, Baptiste Arcand, living near Duck Lake. That was on the 1st of July, Dominion Day. Arcand having assured him that the police would not shoot him at sight, Big Bear surrendered at Fort Carlton next morning.

I interviewed the old man, shackled and forlorn, in a police cell at Prince Albert the day after, Constable Leclair acting as interpreter. Of all the celebrities I have interviewed, not one stands out more vividly in my mind's picture gallery than that stooping, wrinkled, ragged but still proud old Indian, clad in a medley of faded blanket, his bare feet chained together, his only ornament one large blue bead, a charm, on a dirty string around his neck.

The story he told me of the massacre has since been fully borne out by Mr. Cameron in his book.

"Are you a chief?" I asked him.

"Yes, I am a chief!" His figure straightened. "I have been chief for a long time."

"Then why did you not prevent your men from killing all the people at Frog Lake?"

"I tried to stop them as much as I could. I knew they were doing wrong. I told them to stop, but they were all just like little chiefs themselves."

A whole string of other interviews at Prince Albert, of which I have preserved the record, drew out much valuable information as to the origins of the rebellion, and especially

as to the sympathetic part taken in the preliminary agitation by white settlers, who had their own grievances against the government and the Hudson's Bay Company. Among these men, called "white rebels" in the heat of those vengeful days, I questioned William Miller, president of the local agricultural society; Mr. McArthur, banker, who was positive that not one white settler had favored the rebellion; Mr. MacGregor, joiner; Mr. Thomas Miller, another prominent farmer; Mr. Charles Adams, brother-in-law of the Manitoba Premier Norquay; Mr. John Stewart; Mr. J. F. Betts, who had spoken at one meeting from the same platform with Louis Riel; Dr. A. E. Porter, Mr. J. C. McKenzie, shoemaker; and Mr. William Craig, who had taken part in a meeting of Scottish and English halfbreeds.

Here, too, I met the Hon. Lawrence Clarke, who was often accused of setting the match to the gunpowder, by declaring that the malcontents' petitions to the government would be "answered by lead," or "by 500 police." These stories he indignantly denied. Both he and Tom MacKay, a brother of Canon Mackay and of the present Judge Mackay at Regina, told me their personal experience at the battle of Duck Lake.

My most agreeable personal recollection of that first visit to Prince Albert, however, is that I actually found a store able to supply me with a new pair of trousers. My old whipcord riding breeches had been worn to shreds, and the Hawaiian kilt or fringe had not yet come into fashion.

Footing it now, I left the beautiful town on the North Saskatchewan and crossed over to Batoche on the south branch, visiting on the way several Metis families who had been fighting us a few weeks before. They were evidently delighted to be back in their peaceful homes, and showed no sign of ill-feeling or even disappointment at their half-crazy leader's collapse.

At Duck Lake itself I got a night's rest on the floor of Hillyard Mitchell's place. It was to save the contents of that store that Major Crozier was leading his police and volunteers, when met on the snow and driven back with heavy loss by the Metis, on March 26, Mitchell, afterwards a member of the Territorial Legislature, took me all over the battlefield, where the bullet scars were still fresh on the trees. He also gave me a full account of his eleventh-hour attempt, made at Crozier's request, to stop Riel from driving his people into

open rebellion. I see that I made a note at the top of this document: "Not to be published till trial over." Riel's trial for high treason, of course.

For dramatic thrill, an interview I had with Father Paquette, at the Duck Lake Mission, surpassed even the tragic narrations of Cameron and Maclean, partly, no doubt, from the gift of realistic utterance in which our French-Canadian brothers excell us.

I found the missionary a spare, nervous black-bearded man, ten years out from Chambly in Quebec. He told how he was just going to sleep, at St. Laurent, about midnight on March 18th, when he heard a knock at the door.

"It was Louis Riel. Two men were with him, Dumas and Moise. Ouellette Jackson, who I think was insane, was also at the mission at the time. When Riel got in, he began to say in a loud voice: 'The Provisoire is declared, and we have got five prisoners already! I have already destroyed the old Romain, and have a new Pope, Archbishop Bourget.' And to me he said: 'You are to obey me.'

"I said I would never obey him. 'If you will not,' he said, 'the churches will stand, but they will stand empty.' Among other outrageous things he said: 'You are in danger here. I have got an affidavit against you, and will get some Indians to fix you!'

"Riel stayed there two hours, at one time kneeling and calling on the Holy Spirit, and then calling out: 'Tomorrow morning I will go and destroy the soldiers, and at night I will go and destroy Fort Carlton.' His eyes were like the Devil's. He is not mad, this Riel. He has a very good mind, but he is extremely wicked.

"Some hours after he left, before daylight in fact, I left and escaped to Carlton to give the news that Riel had declared a new government, so to prevent a surprise and a massacre."

At Batoche next day I went over the battlefield, and saw the bullet-holes in the parish priest's house, where I saw them again last summer, by the way. Then I had only to lay in a supply of inch-thick bannocks from a Metis parishioner's stove, and climb on to the overland stage for Qu'Appelle. My mission was accomplished.

I have kept copies of all my letters as they appeared in the "Witness," and these will be at the disposal of the future historian of the rebellion. Some never reached their destination, and, of course, no such thing as a typewriter, with its automatic carbon copying, was to be found in any soldier's or correspondent's equipment.

I have again and again been urged to write a history of "The '85" myself, but in an extremely busy life I have never had anything like the necessary time to spare. The thing must be done, however, and should be done now. There has been too much delay already. The task will be arduous as well as long. It will involve the sifting, by judicial minds, of the grains of fact from the mountainous pile of irresponsible rubbish and reckless or deliberate mis-statements already published; the close searching of records, some of which are said to be still withheld from inquirers; and the verbal examination of eye-witnesses. The number of these is being fast diminished by death; but fortunately much material has been secured from them and stored in manuscript by historical students of the West.

The illustration of that history will be difficult. The kodak had not been invented in 1885, and I believe no one engaged in the campaign had a camera of any sort. Several members of the force, however, made sketches, of which some were published in English illustrated papers and others in an official report issued by the Canadian government in 1886. Most of the buildings within the scene of action have now disappeared, and others have been greatly changed. A recent picture of the fight at Batoche, with soldiers rushing the rifle pits, shows a church spire in the background; but only a prophet's eye could have seen that spire, for it did not then exist.

Even the landscape, without any buildings, past or present, has changed its appearance, sometimes beyond all recognition. Here, the woods have been cleared away to make fields; there, naked hillsides and prairies have been overgrown with forest. But the contours remain, and with the aid of old-timers who still remember, most of those historic scenes can be reconstructed by an artist equally endowed with conscience and imagination.

Montreal, May 1st, 1928.

Western Old Timers (Continued List)

Historical documents have been received in connection with their lives which reveal phases of the country development or information explanatory of some historic event.

A. H. Cunningham, Battleford, whose grandfather lost his life in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Nelson River, was the son of James, born at Fort Churchill and died at the Severn River. The family then resided at Kildonan, where A. H. was born in 1851. The family settled in Headingly west, where the son engaged in farming and trading and printer's devil of the Nor'-Wester. An interested spectator of the Riel Rebellion and guide for Major Boulton. Farmed at Baie St. Paul and Poplar Point. Interpreter for the government during the Indian treaty days. Farm instructor at the Battleford Industrial School, and assistant at the Onion Lake mission. Missionary at Island Lake, and then returned to Battleford.

Wilfred Latour's descendants were members of the New France colony who remained in Quebec after the Battle of the Plains of Abraham. His grandfather fought with Papineau. He was born in Quebec, March 24th, 1849, and learned his father's trade as blacksmith.

Worked then in United States. Returned home and left for Western Canada with Daunais and Richards carload of horses. After working on the ranch for some months he joined the Indian Department as farm instructor, and served with Payne, whose life he saved. Later Payne was murdered by Indians.

He prepared to build a blacksmith shop when the Indian uprising took place. W. Latour joined the Battleford Rifles and served Battleford during the fear of the Indian rising. He was with General Otter at Cut Knife as a member of the Battleford Rifles.

Blacksmithing and farming occupied his time since the Rebellion until his retirement in 1920.

Charles Delorme was born at St. Boniface, 1855. His father fought in the war of 1812, at the Battle of Chateauguay and La Colle Mills, then joined the Hudson's Bay Company as freighter, and experienced the horrors of the fur rivalry. His service with the company covered a period of 48 years.

The son disliked the school and ran away with the brigade to Saint Paul. Three years later went to Montana to work in the mines. He came back to St. Boniface and from there freighted and traded in Cypress Hills and Wood Mountain, Edmonton, Ft. Carlton. At the latter place he met Riel, a friend of his father's, who was anxious to have him attend his meetings, but failed to do so, being engaged in freighting for Lawrence Clarke. Nor did he join Major Crozier. C. Delorme was imprisoned by Riel after the Duck Lake fight, but escaped from the cellar, crossed the river, and fled to Isle a la Crosse. Returning later to Ft. Carlton he removed to Jack Fish Lake where he has resided for 42 years. His address is Cochin, Sask.

Mr. Thibeault was born in Deschambault, Quebec, in 1862. At the age of 19 he went to Wisconsin as lumberman. At Deadwood the young adventurer enlisted under Reinhart to repel the warring Sioux, and was attached to General Custer's division. Reinhart was absent scouting when the Sioux surprised and massacred Custer's band, but arrived at the scene of murder next morning. After his scouting days he left for Winnipeg and became a Hudson's Bay Company freighter, and visited Prince Albert. Here he engaged as farmer and workman of a survey party. Next visited Duck Lake and worked for Stobart and Eden. He was sent to Ft. Qu'Appelle for supplies during the Riel Rebellion and was present at Duck Lake fight, and assisted in bringing the dead into Ft. Carlton. M. Thibeault joined as scout with headquarters at Prince Albert and fought at Fish Creek. After selling his land at Duck Lake he homesteaded at Battleford, later ranched until his retirement at Battleford, 1920.

M. Cote was born in Quebec where he spent the first 12 years of his life. Then he lived in Eastern United States until 18 years of age, when he left for the West in 1882 to Winnipeg, then to Battleford where he was engaged in farming.

In 1885 he joined the Battleford Rifles and served under General Otter at the Battle of Cut Knife Creek.

After farming and ranching M. Cote commenced harness making in Battleford until 1908, when North Battleford received him as a citizen.

The West's Urgent Problem

The Society's membership has now grown to approximately 1,000 members, and it is hoped that it will reach 1,500 before Volume I is completed, at which time certificates of membership will be issued. The Society has to depend on its members to boost the Society. Will you get a member? If so, you will get more and more publications for your fee and will hasten the work.

The Saskatchewan Herald will be 50 years of age in August. It is expected that this famous Old Timers' paper will produce a suitable jubilee number which will be of interest to all lovers of history. The present editor and proprietor, R. C. Laurie, son of the founder P. G. Laurie, has made a strong effort to keep the pioneer paper progressive and interesting historically.

Miss Irene Moore, of the Regina Leader, has printed her book, Valiant La Verendrye. Citizens are pleased to welcome a good contribution to Western literature and history.

Premier James Gardiner visited the Society's office during his first visit to Battleford. The Premier is deeply interested in the historical progress of the West.

A. G. Morice, O.M.I., of Winnipeg, visited the office and historic places of Battleford. Students of history should receive his works as most authoritative especially his studies of the Indian language. It is an important duty after spending 48 years as missionary among the Skena District Indians now to write his reminiscences.

Professor A. S. Morton, of the University of Saskatchewan, visited the Battleford locality in quest of the early posts of the fur trading days. It is expected that definite confirmation of the site of Cole's post will be made soon. His work of research is of the greatest value, and the citizens can do their part by assisting at the unveilings.

St. Peter's Colony celebrated its quarter century birthday this year with impressive services. This Society is particularly anxious that each locality do likewise throughout the West. Much history would then be saved which is lost when birthdays are forgotten.

The Story of the Press contains information about the early pioneer days. Doubtless there is much yet to be told. An appeal is made here to forward to the Society any additional information which will be received gratefully and published in due time. Please do not hesitate to report your important information, no matter how brief.

Part II of the Story of the Press will be published just as soon as the material is received. And it is expected all will be on hand during the month of July.

THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HISTORICAL SOCIETY PROJECTED PUBLICATIONS

This Society is conducting a careful research in various subjects relating to the earliest history of the Prairie Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan in order to secure the story of the actual eye-witnesses. These stories are being published in such publications as relate to an event. Interested pioneers and prominent historians are searching and writing in the attempt to save the Source History and to present it in an interesting way to the citizen of the great historic plain.

Mackay of the Canadian Northwest.

Canon Matheson—Saskatchewan's First Graduate.—Published.

Fifty Years on the Saskatchewan—Robt. Jefferson.

Early Days in the Police Force.—Chas. Parker.

Early Surveys and Other Reminiscences.—R. C. Laurie.

The Prairiewoman.

The Pioneerings of Senator Prince.

Saskatchewan's Leaders.

The Free Traders.

The Hudson's Bay Company.

The North-West Company.

Early Navigation on the Saskatchewan.

Scouting.

On the Red River Trails.

With Her Majesty's Mails.

Fort Chipewyan.

Fort Carlton.

Cumberland House.

Fort Pitt.

The Era of Exploration.

The French in the North-West.

The Cree Indians.

Indian Legends.

Life on a Reserve.

Indian Education.

The Indian Chiefs of the Treaty Days.

Our Red River Pioneers.

The Bresaylor Settlement.

Buffalo Hunting.

The Fur Trade

Ranching

When Battleford was the Capital.

Our Political History

Law and Order.
Land Settlement and Colonization.
The Cree Rebellion.—Published.
The Causes of the Rebellion of 1885.
With Crozier at Duck Lake, Carlton and Prince Albert.
Battleford in Danger.
Fish Creek and Batoche.
The Battle of Cut Knife Hill.
Frog Lake and Fort Pitt.
With Gén. Strange at Frenchman's Butte.
The Wanderings of Big Bear's Son.
The Police Share in the Rebellion.
The Results of the 1885 Rebellion.
Louis Riel and His Colleagues.
The Saskatchewan Herald's Story of 1885.
The Historic Spots of Saskatchewan.
Western Rhymes.
The Old-Timers' Register.
The Red River Jig.
In Sunshine and Storm.
The Roman Catholic Missions.
The Presbyterian Missions.
The Anglican Missions.
The Methodist Missions.
Societies.
The Telegraph.
Early Railway Development.
Early School History.
Early Electioneering.
Some North-West Problems.
Index of the Archives of Battleford.
Reminiscences of Louis Cochin, O.M.I.—Published.
The Historic Spots of Alberta.
The Stoneys.
Fort Edmonton.
Qu'Appelle.
Calgary.
The Barr Colony.
The Overlanders of 1862.
Regina.
On the Swift Current Trail.
Alberta's Leaders.
Place Names of the North-West.
Ile a la Crosse.
Prince Albert.

The Story of the Press.—Published.
Saskatoon.
Peace River Settlements.

THE ARCHIVES.

Tache—Sketch of the North-West.
Seeman—Manitoba As I Saw It.
Jeremie—York Factory.
McLean—McDougall of Alberta.
Morrow—History of the Medicine Hat Country.
Reid, Mrs. J. A.—In the Neighborhood of Battleford.
Douglas, Mrs. J.—Poundmaker's Old Stamping Ground.
The Early Days of Pincher Creek.
Sir C. E. Denny—Down the Peace River for 4,000 miles.
The Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba.
 The Prehistoric Copper Hook.
 The Earliest Fur Trader on the Red River.
 The Old Forts of Winnipeg.
 The Journal of Henry Kelsey.
The Narratives of Saskatoon.
The Nova Scotia Historical Society, Vol. 21.
Wollacott—MacKenzie and His Voyageurs.
Catlin—The North American Indian.
Cameron—The War Trail of Big Bear.
The Museum of the American Indian.
 Native Houses of Western North America.
 Indian Notes and Monographs.
Moore—Valiant La Verendrye.

Board of Editors—which are chosen to assist in collecting, writing and publishing. These meet yearly at various places to analyze the historical field, and plan a programme of research. This Board consists of:—

Canon E. K. Matheson, LL.D.	Battleford
Campbell Innes, M.A.	Battleford
G. C. Paterson, M.A.	Regina
Howard Angus Kennedy	Lacombe
John Blue	Edmonton
Alexander H. Sutherland	Winnipeg
J. L. MacKinnon, B.A.	Saskatoon
A. G. Morice, O.M.I.	Winnipeg
R. C. Laurie	Battleford
Col. James Walker	Calgary
J. T. Warden	Cut Knife
Robert Jefferson	Battleford
D. H. McDonald	Fort Qu'Appelle
C. N. Bell, LL.D.	Winnipeg
J. W. Morrow, LL.D.	Medicine Hat
Ernest Brown	Vegreville
W. B. Cameron	Vancouver

Representatives—Chosen by the Society to assist the organizer in membership campaign; to refer Old Timers to the Society; assist in marking the historic spots; collecting documents and relics. These representatives are:

G. L. Cooke, M.D.	Lloydminster
R. A. Schrag	Vegreville
A. J. McCormack	Edmonton
H. J. Bell, LL.B.	Cut Knife
The MacKay Bookstore	Toronto
Thorburn and Abbott	Ottawa
Van Clelland	Winnipeg
D. M. Finlayson, M.L.A.	Iffley
William Dodds, M.L.A.	Cut Knife
Mrs. E. Storer	Moose Jaw
J. H. Mayall	Maidstone
Canada Drug Company	Regina
M. O. Harrison	Fort Qu'Appelle
J. C. Rowan	Yorkton
G. Goble	Rosthern
Mrs. Hugh McKenzie	Biggar
James Dymott	Paynton
E. J. Skafel, M.D.	Kamsack

WASCANA

Wascana, is there magic hidden
In the word that rings a tune,
Rippling through the prairie grasses
Where your sunlit waters croon?

Gone the buffalo herds whose thunder
Stilled the music of your strain,
Lost the ancient lure of silence
Brooding o'er the wind-swept plain.

Now the strong walls of a city,
Named, by right, a western queen,
Rise to greet a sky of azure,
Arched above her fair demesne.

Golden-girdled by the harvest,
Youth triumphant in her eyes,
Starry Splendor's crown Regina
When the sunset's crimson dies.

Storms of winter bear her challenge
When the frost-bound earth lies bare
And the long rays turn to silver,
Gleaming through the crystal air.

Thus, a prophet, in his vision,
Saw the white bones clothed by life,
Moving to a goal of beauty,
Set beyond our earthly strife.

Wascana, is there magic hidden
In the word that rings a tune,
Rippling through the prairie grasses,
Where your sunlit waters croon?

—A. M. Stephen

Member of the Historical Society, written on the occasion
of his visit to Saskatchewan—1928.